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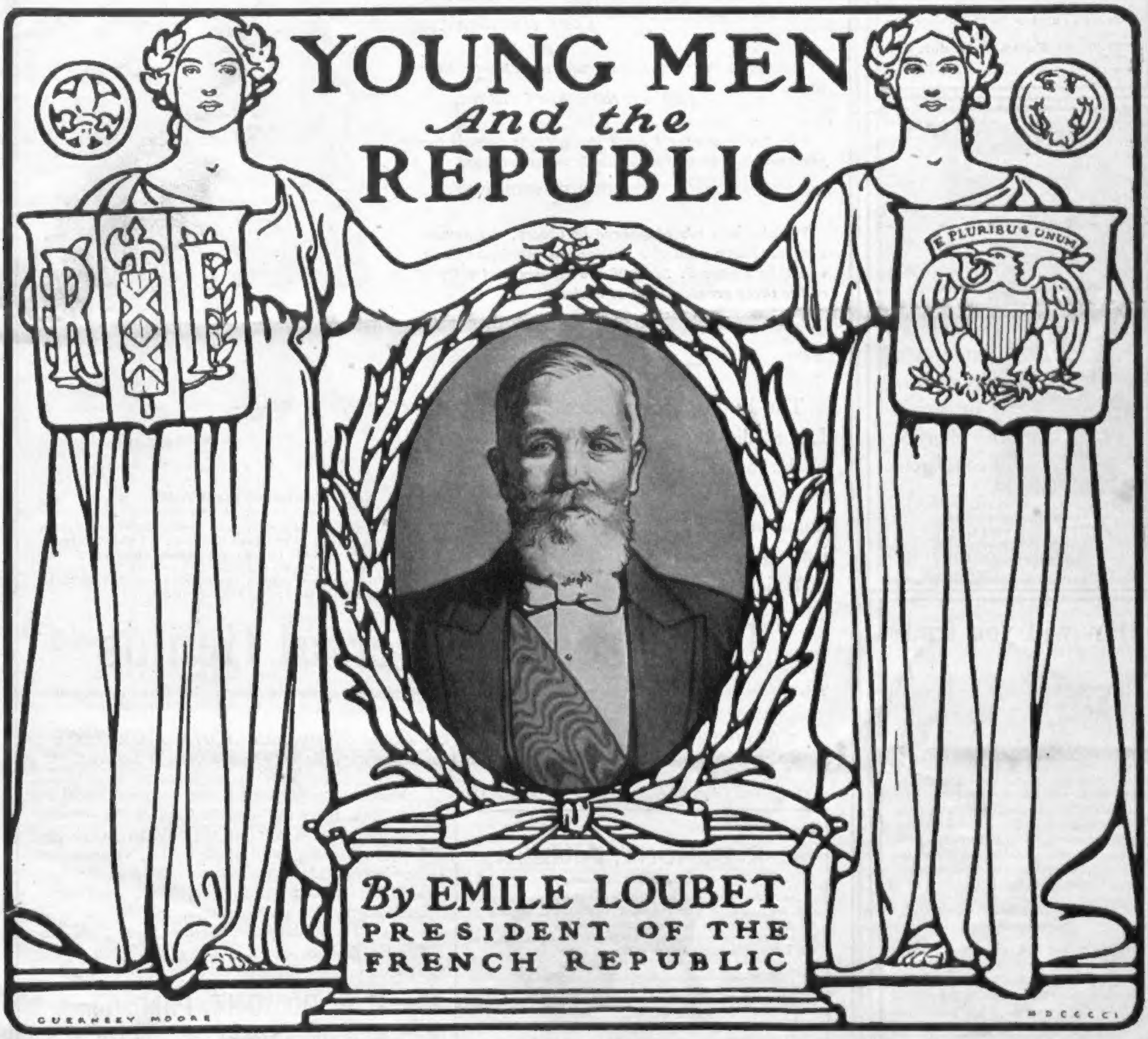

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CHICAGO RECORD-HERALD, June 7, 1901.

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FREDERICK THE GREAT.

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April, 1778.
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Young Men and the Republic—By Emile Loubet

President of the French Republic

IN MODERN organizations of society one must reckon with an element that the subdivisions of labor, the progress of civilization, the extension of industries develop more and more each day—that is, solidarity. And the law of solidarity is truer still in that which concerns the relations of states with each other. The nations are in fact conjointly responsible *(solidaire)*; for if the future of a nation depends upon the energy and upon the union of its citizens, it depends also upon the prosperity of the other nations. In consequence, everything that conforms to this law of solidarity, everything that aids to maintain and extend the good relation of the states with each other, makes for the prosperity of the individual state; and those who work at home for daily bread are working, as well, for the prosperity of all mankind.

It is by the spirit of solidarity, which is the grand thought of our age, that war, unhappily made each day more murderous by the achievements of science, will, in the future, be less and less frequent among the nations. Beyond doubt it is an admirable spectacle, that of mind disciplining the forces of the physical world and imposing upon nature new combinations whence we gain increase of well-being, but just so much as man's genius stands above blind matter does man's genius lie beneath justice and charity. The highest form of beauty is visible only to the moral conscience, and it will be realized on earth only when superior and diverse minds, grouping their efforts, are animated—like multiple machines driven by one single motor—by the sentiment of solidarity.

THE ATTITUDE OF FRANCE

If there is one people with which our relations should be naturally established and durably maintained it is the American Democracy. We have no conflict with it, no contending interests; while on the contrary a kindred affinity of temperaments, a kindred love of liberty unite us.

This was notably seen at our Exposition, to which the Americans came in crowds; it was equally observable in more special circumstances at the unveiling of Lafayette's statue upon one of the most beautiful sites of Paris—an occasion upon which words of fraternal union were pronounced.

Also when the late President Harrison came into France he was received, not with pomp and display *(honneurs eclatants)* which do not befit a democracy such as our Republic is, but with a sincere cordiality that was recognized by the Americans and appreciated. The French Republic bore witness to the Republic of the United States, spontaneously but warmly, of the sincerity of its sympathy and friendship. It is by inspiring themselves with these ideas that the sister Republics can best aid both themselves and each other in their development.

They have, the one and the other, qualities that no one dreams of contesting. America, the new land, has in its march of progress an ardor which is the privilege of young and virile nations; we, on our part, have prudence, method and the love of order, traditional virtues which are the assurance of our future as they have been the glory of our past.

We, while we shall yield willingly to our penchant for affability and hospitality in the welcome we give to strangers, ought, with judicious thought for the maintenance and development of the position we hold in the world, to work for the strengthening of our national organism. The attitude of France should be that of the prudent and circumspect housewife, who, while she receives her guests with good grace and due amenity, permits nothing to jeopard the care she should rightly take of her own house and the authority she ought to have in it.

THE TEST OF NATIONAL PROSPERITY

A fair test of the prosperity of a nation is the opportunity it offers young men of taking part in public affairs. The more active the national life becomes, the greater is the number of citizens, and especially of young people, who feel the noble desire of taking part in it. To-day in France, perhaps to a greater extent than ever in her history, the young men are conspicuous. While their personal studies are not neglected, yet they enter upon their careers at an earlier age than ever before. While still in school or college they take up the discussion of public questions. In their unions and debating clubs they prepare themselves to face the difficulties of public life. And if in recent years their enthusiasm has grown, it is because their opportunities for public usefulness are more numerous and more important. The elective positions have increased in number, as have also those non-elective functions which our young men may be called upon to discharge.

I should notice also, as influencing the youth of to-day, the more practical methods of instruction. The studies in literature, philosophy, jurisprudence, which formerly dwelt rather apart in an ideal sphere, have been brought down to earth and the daily problems of life. Chairs have been created, schools have been opened for the study of moral and political science, labor legislation and finance; the professors of literature have ceased to occupy themselves solely with the glories of the past and have turned to the accomplishments and hopes of the present. The distinguished professors who have thus transformed their methods of instruction have taught the young how to apply to the actual questions of the day the knowledge and mental power they acquire in study.

The obligatory military service, which brings together all classes of our young men, for at least one year of their lives, has this great advantage—that it facilitates the exchange of ideas. The city-bred boy and the peasant lad have much to learn from each other, and in the barracks they have the opportunity.

PRÉSIDENT DE LA RÉPUBLIQUE

Paris le 190

Autant le génie domine l'ensemble humain autant il est inférieur à la justice et à la bonté

14. 5. 1901.

Emile Loubet

"Just so much as man's genius stands above blind matter does man's genius lie beneath justice and charity"

There, too, the prejudices of class, which are usually due to lack of knowledge rather than antipathy, are destroyed. This army school is not the least important part of our education, which aims at the conciliation of two tendencies, the theoretic and the practical. More and more we are striving to arm our young men for practical life, without, however, neglecting that broad and fine culture which has always been so highly and so justly esteemed in France.

To this high culture nothing contributes so much as foreign travel. Recent statistics show that the taste for travel has grown enormously among the young. The movement should be encouraged in every way. He who knows the achievements, the manners and the characteristics of other countries is better equipped for the service of his own country. A year of wisely arranged travel is as important a factor of a young man's education as that year of discipline and democratic fraternity in the army. The mechanic has as much to learn from travel as the student of political economy. And in addition to gaining useful knowledge of his craft or profession, the young man who travels acquires self-reliance and, above all, a juster appreciation of other nations, a finer sympathy for all mankind.

Our young men, prepared thus for the kindly warfare of existence—that warfare in which courage, energy and honesty of purpose are the weapons—find opportunities at every hand. The state, which needs faithful servitors, opens to them thousands of honorable careers. Never have commerce and industry offered such prizes to men of trained intellect and broad views. Agriculture, which has become a science, still preserves, in France, its antique dignity and homely independence. It is a good sign—a sign of healthy national life—that from their schools and colleges our young men go to the farms.

WHAT YOUNG MEN ARE DOING

Quite as admirable and even more noticeable at present is the trend of migration toward our colonies, even those the farthest removed. In the old lands of the East and in the wilder lands of Africa the young man who has will and pluck may shape for himself a life of usefulness and rich reward, and serve his country and humanity.

There is one very notable characteristic of the generation which is just entering upon its majority. These young men look upon themselves as having a grave social mission to accomplish. They do not take life flippantly. The new education, well reasoned and scientific, has brought them face to face with those problems which were not formerly the concerns of youth. They examine the social structure. They study their fellow-men. They strive for the best. The young men of our colleges seem to be impressed with the thought that the education they have received is at once a responsibility and a trust and not a mere acquisition of lore and culture. They make their own acquirements the measure of their duty to others. Thus in all our great cities and in many country places they have founded philotechnic and polytechnic associations, through which they instruct those who have not had the happy fortune of securing the higher education of the colleges. This plan of university extension was devised and is carried on by the young men—the students. And this is only one of the ways in which they strive to fulfill what seems to them a social mission. With equal seriousness they look upon the duty and privilege of citizenship. Never have young men faced an epoch so rich in opportunity and so big with responsibility. We who are of an older generation can but congratulate them upon the fact that their education has in a large measure prepared them to use wisely their opportunities and assume, with good hope and courage, the burden of their responsibilities.

THE SUPREMACY OF DEMOCRACY

In a democracy the man who lifts himself above the level of his countrymen, who is carried by the suffrage of his fellow-citizens to the highest office in the state, owes something, of course, to his own intelligence, his labor and honesty, but in a larger sense he is the creation of the traditions, the labors and the wills of those whom he represents. I will mention Washington and Lincoln and Harrison; I might name many others. If you will study the origin of such a man, if you will analyze his career, you will discover that he is radically of the people; that his history is a *résumé* of the history of his country; that he has suffered, toiled, struggled, ploughed his daily furrow with that prudence and unity of plan which are the virtues of the man of the soil; and thus democracy realizes what there is best and most definite in it, in the person of the man who represents it worthily; and, if Kings and Emperors can buckler themselves with their "divine right" and the antiquity of their blood, he, the First Magistrate of a Republic, can make answer to them:

"Majesties, you represent a principle; the people represent another. For my part I am the people. I am that unity which is multiplied into millions. My name is legion and my nobility goes further back than all your patents of Lordship, for it has come down through the nights of time, and is based upon the energies and glories of men who worked well and fought well—the people!"

The Senator's Plight—By General Charles King

—"an officer who has disgraced the uniform of the United States and dishonored that sacred emblem"

THE day was hot, the debate even hotter. The question was on the amendment, and the gentleman from Jersey had the floor. It was some half dozen years ago. There had been strikes, riots and demolition of railway property. The mobs had sore smitten the so-called "minions of the law," and, at last, reluctant civil officials had appealed for aid. Marshal and sheriff, mayor and chief of police were to a man of the same political complexion, and a staunch exponent of party principles abode in the White House. Yet it was they who asked and he who ordered the regulars to the scene, and now it was their own party friends in Congress assembled who were abusing the regulars for going.

The gentleman from Jersey was vehement if not convincing, and while making a stirring appeal against "these heartless oppressors of honest labor, these liveried hirelings of soulless capitalists and corporations, the menial men-at-arms of plutocracy, miscalled the Army of the United States," he leveled his shafts more especially at the name and reputation of a man he had never seen—the officer whose misfortune it was to be ordered to do his duty in what, at the start at least, was an unpopular cause.

The Major commanding the battalion of infantry sent to protect a mammoth manufacturing plant was a veteran of the Civil War, with a riot record covering several States. He reached the scene after a hot, dusty, trying march, and reported, as his orders demanded, to the Mayor, at a moment when the uproar was at its height.

In the hearing of many newspaper men, the Mayor told the Major to "fire blank cartridges at the mob and scare them."

The Major said blank cartridges never scared a mob, and he didn't bring them on such business.

Then said the Mayor: "Fire a volley over their heads."

Then replied the Major: "I won't. That would be killing innocent spectators a mile away. Don't tell me those are workingmen—that gang. They are toughs and thugs from half a dozen cities. They stoned us all the way from the station. Now, Mr. Mayor, if you want these yards cleared, say so, and leave the method to me."

Instantly a dozen listeners slipped away, and in a moment mote were mingling with the mob. "It's all up, boys!" "Slide, fellers. These ain't no tin soldiers!" "Look out, the regulars will shoot!" were the words passed from mouth to mouth, from man to man, and when the silent, sturdy column in blue and drab, covered with dust and sweat, swung sharp and sudden into line to the left, and the shod musket-butts came down with simultaneous thud, and, three hundred strong, the little battalion faced the jeering, yelling, taunting, cursing thousands, the ringleaders dove into the depths and sneaked out of harm's way.

The strike had failed, and then began the newspaper abuse of the troops at the scene, especially the Major in command, concerning whom there were journals that exhausted their stock of calumny and vituperation.

Among the constituents of the Hon. Mr. Lansing were hundreds of the operatives of the great foundries and the railways. He and his party had lost caste among them because of the coming of troops.

Another election was due in November and something had to be done to restore his lost prestige. Here was the gentleman's chance, and he took it. After scathing denunciation of capitalists in general and the great moguls of the railway in particular, he turned to the Army as the unscrupulous tool of the tyrant Gold, and with the highly-colored stories of the local papers as his sole authority, drew a picture of the bloody-minded ruffian in command of the regulars that fateful day. "A being," he said, "besotted with rum" (two papers did say the Major was drunk, though he never drank), "bloated beyond all semblance of honest manhood" (the Major did look red in the face), "bereft of the last vestige of what we understand by the term 'officer and gentleman'—bereft of honor, decency and humanity, a creature to be shunned by honest men and scorned by Christian women. Sir, may my hand shrivel to the bone, my tongue rot to its roots, ere ever I write the line or say the word that shall even inferentially support such utter misuse of the national arms."

Laughing and chatting, the members came clattering down the marble corridors; correspondents went rushing pell-mell with their "copy;" and the Chairman of the Committee on Public Moods and Morals, accosting Mr. Lansing, who was chaffing the champion of the bill, gravely said:

"Lansing, did you happen to notice a mighty pretty little girl that left the gallery just as you finished, with a gray-haired, fine-looking man of fifty?"

"I saw the girl, Jeffers—didn't notice the man. Why?"

"Oh, nothing much," answered Jeffers with a whimsical grimace; "she happens to be from my home, and the man is her father—Major Harold, of the Army—the gentleman who has 'disgraced the uniform and dishonored the sacred emblem over the Speaker's desk,' as you phrased it."

Now, Lansing liked Jeffers. They both liked the Chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs, who knew beforehand just what Lansing would probably say, and just what it would all amount to. In the language of the day, if not of the House, the gentleman from Jersey was only "talking through his hat." He knew perfectly well the bill under discussion would pass. He wouldn't stop it if he could. It was just what the country needed—only some of his constituents couldn't see it. All that tirade was for their benefit—or blinding—and in the fullness of time the Hon. Mr. Lansing forgot the whole affair.

But not so the Major.

When a man has fought through such a conflict as that of the great Civil War, and won the enthusiastic praise of soldiers such as Sherman, Sheridan and Thomas, as had the Major before he was twenty-three; when a man has twice been nipped by Southern lead and has followed up these honors with years of tireless, patient and at times heroic service on the Indian frontier—he has some right to think he deserves well of his country, and even of his country's Congress. A tiptop soldier was Harold withal, modest, gentle and courteous to a fault among his kind, almost idolized by his men and entirely idolized by his family.

Visiting Washington for the first time since the sixties, bringing a beloved daughter to see her mother's kindred a year after that beloved mother's death, he had taken his child to hear the debate on the Army Bill, with the result described. That evening they were to have dined informally at the Jeffers', but when that honorable gentleman reached home there was a note by special messenger, regretting. They had decided to leave Washington that night.

Jeffers saw the trouble in a moment, drove speedily to the Shoreham and sent up his card. In the hallway he met Foster, Lieutenant-Colonel in the Adjutant-General's department—a man he well knew. "What's wrong with Harold?" asked the member from Michigan.

"All broke up," said the War Department official. "I've been trying to make him understand it, but—it's no use. Lucky for Lansing these are not the days of Jefferson and Jackson he loves to tell about. It would be a case of Bladensburg at sunrise or universal contempt before night."

"Oh, pshaw, Foster! You know well enough Lansing didn't mean a —— word of it! He's one of the best fellows in the world—when you come to know him."

"Oh, of course I know; but, you see, Harold has spent his whole life in the line, where men say what they mean, not here where they—don't. Harold thinks he's disgraced—dishonored in the eyes of the whole nation, instead of being supported for doing his duty like a man and a soldier. Why, every paper in the land will have it in the morning. As for that little girl, she'd be crying her eyes out, only she's doing her best to comfort him. Go in and do what you can—I'm useless." And the Colonel turned away with a shrug.

"Oh, come back, Foster," cried Jeffers with a grab at his arm. "I've got to square the old chap somehow, and you can help—you're a soldier, and I'm not. Why, Lansing's one of the best friends I've got in the House, outside of politics. Next time he sees Harold he'll tell him so—tell him he knows he's just one of the best soldiers and squarest men in the whole service. You see if he don't!"

"And mean it just as much as what he said to-day, I presume," answered the Colonel dryly. "That may comfort Harold a lot—I *don't* think. You go in—I'll wait."

It was something Jeffers never forgot—the picture of his old friend as he entered the room. Harold was pacing the floor, his twitching hands behind his back, his deep-set eyes glowing, his thin, weather-beaten soldierly face quivering with wrath and sense of wrong, and in spite of the tan of years in sun and wind, gray almost as the gray mustache and hair. He whirled on Jeffers with challenge in his eye. Florence, a tall slip of a girl, just fifteen, was standing at the table at Jeffers' entrance, and stepped quickly to her father's side.

Harold turned and kissed her with trembling lips. "Run into your own room a moment, little daughter," he murmured. "I must speak with Mr. Jeffers." Then Harold turned on his friend. "Of course you heard ——"

"Of course I couldn't help hearing, Harold, old chap, and of course I saw Lansing at once. Why, you never saw a man so cut up! He wouldn't have said it for the world if he'd known you were there. He don't mean it. Lord love you, Harold! Why we—we say all sorts of things of each other, just that way. It's all for—for——"

Well, just what it was all for, according to Jeffers, remained unsaid. The passion of wrath in the soldier's face amazed him. "Don't go away feeling like that, Harold," he stammered. "Just hold on a day or two—till this thing sort—sort o' blows over, and you mark what I say—Lansing will come to you more'n half way, and if ever you want a blessed thing here in Washington, why, that man will just see that you get it; he as much as told me he would."

"Told you, did he? And you—whom I have known since we were boys—come to me with such a message!" And the very table on which he leaned shook with the violence of the veteran's emotion.

"You say to him for me that I say he's one of the two-faced curs I've been taught all my life to despise, and he's a man—no! God forbid I should insult the rest of our kind by calling him one—that he's one of those sneaking cads who would come privately to a man and declare his friendship even while he is doing everything in his power, secretly and publicly, to damn him. You say to him that he may thank God a gentleman has no longer a way to wring apology from a blackguard, and that before I would be indebted to him for any favor, big or little, here or hereafter, I'd quit the army in disgust, and if ever he dare offer me his help or his hand, he'll get mine—clinched—full in his cowardly face!"

Two hours thereafter the Major left Washington, and from that day to this has never cared to see it again.

Four years later, there or thereabouts, at the head of a gallant regiment, a keen-eyed, white-mustached Colonel landed on the Cuban coast, and with the flag he was alleged to have dishonored high waving in his hand, led the charge on a fire-spitting ridge and planted the colors on the Spanish works.

The shoulder-strap (torn away by one Mauser bullet while a second bored through the arm beneath) was replaced by another—the silver leaf by a silver star. Older, grayer as to face and whiter as to hair, Harold was to the full the same highstrung, heroic soldier, brimming with energy, pluck and purpose. Life had been sore indeed for long months after that Washington episode. His morning mail, just as for weeks after the riot, had been filled with marked copies of certain papers and with many a letter of abuse. These had gone into the waste-basket, but the speech of the Honorable Mr. Lansing, the new champion of labor, so-called, had entered like seething iron into his soul. Jeffers, of course, had never delivered that message. The War Department had declined to listen to the Major's plea for a court of inquiry, because, as said the Honorable Secretary of War, Major Harold's conduct on the occasion referred to had received the highest commendation of his superiors, and he needed no other vindication.

"An officer cannot seek redress for words uttered in debate," said the Adjutant-General, a warm personal friend. In fact there was nothing—there *is* nothing—for the soldier, wronged either by the politician or the public press, but silent sufferance.

Harold had buried himself in the duties of his profession in the far West, whither his promotion to the lieutenant-colonelcy had taken him within a month of that memorable visit, and officers and men who loved and honored him heard no further mention of the matter from his lips. It was something of which he simply could not speak. Florence in the course of four years came back to him from school, "for good," as she happily said, and young fellows in the regiment were looking and wooing all in vain when the Spanish war broke out.

Three months sufficed to mend him of his Santiago wound, and then, leaving his beloved daughter with army friends at the Presidio, Harold, now a Brigadier-General, with two gallant boys in the line, one a subaltern in his own brigade, took the field in front of Manila, and entered into the thick of the stirring campaign of '99, to win new laurels in Luzon.

One blistering morning in May, when the rails of the Dagupan road seemed ready to curl in the scorching sunshine, MacArthur's staunch division was deployed for attack, while on the far right flank a picked regiment was sent in to find the insurgent left and double it. With these, wading a muddy stream, waist deep, went the Brigadier, and then, somewhere in the thickets and close to the railway, the advance ran slap upon a concealed force, with a stiff little blockhouse at the edge of the timber.

The fierce volleys that greeted them in the sharp staccato of the Mausers would have been more than sufficient to drive untried men to instant cover, and Harold for just a moment felt a thrill of anxiety as to the result. Spurring eagerly forward, urging on the supports, he burst through the intervening tangle of brush and bypath and out upon the open field, more than half expecting to find his skirmishers flattened in the mud like hunted squirrels, or skimming back for cover. That, in full view of half the division on the southern bank, would never do in the world. But one quick glance over the flat, rain-soaked, abandoned rice field sent the blood leaping through his veins, and soldier joy and delight to his flashing eyes. Recoiling? Not a bit of it! With instant cheer the line had answered the challenge, and though half a dozen lads lay stretched among the dikes, the daring rank of blue shirts, following the lead of a lithe young officer, conspicuous in his trim suit of khaki, had dashed straight for the opposite timber and centred on the blockhouse.

"Bring up the supports, quick now!" shouted the General to an aide-de-camp. "Come on, everybody!" And with

one staff officer and a brace of orderlies at his back, and heading the swift oncoming dash of the deploying squads bursting through the brake behind him, away he spurred toward the point of the timber where the Filipino colors were floating over the fire-spitting tower, and was up among the very leaders as his men drove in with gleaming bayonets, straight to the teeth of the foe. Risky work, that—dare-devil work, but work that carried terror and conviction with it! "What manner of men are these," said Tagal prisoners, "whom shooting cannot stop? When we fire at the Spaniards they lie down. When we shoot at Americanos they jump up and run at us! It is not fair. What queer notions of the combat have these Yankees, whose colonels leave their regiments behind them and ride up into our trenches and shoot us with pistols, as does this Señor Coronel Bell, or swim rivers naked or crawl bridge timbers on their bellies as does this Coronel Chiquito—Funston! It is not the practice of the grandee—the Castilian! What means it that a General should come charging with a squad of skirmishers?"

With barely a baker's dozen from the right of the line, that tall young lieutenant of regulars has darted into the block-house and pistoled the foremost defenders, while the others, amazed and overawed, drop their guns and crouch to the floor. Down comes the banner of the blazing sun and up goes a cheer for the General, riding joyously over to say a word of praise to the gallant fellow who, now that his work is done, stands panting at the doorway.

"Magnificently done, sir!" Then, with instant concern: "Why, my lad, you're hit!"

A half smile and nod as the brown gauntlet reaches the brim of the campaign hat in effort to salute. Then hat and head drop together, the knees give way, and the brave boy is caught by strong, supporting arms and lowered senseless to the ground. The General is off his pony in a second.

"Call Doctor Forney here!" he cries as he kneels an instant at the side of the stricken officer. "There's nothing on earth too good for this lad! Who is he, Gray?" and he glances up at his adjutant-general. A queer look comes into the captain's face, and a half-falter marks the answering words:

"Mr. Lansing, sir, —th Infantry."

There is a brilliant scene a few months later in one of the great lake cities. A social crush has resulted from the visit of a sailor hero of the nation, and fair women and brave men have thronged to greet him. Glad and cordial as is his manner to all, the Admiral has hailed with especial joy a thin-faced, soldierly-looking veteran whose snowy hair and white mustache are in as marked contrast with the tan of his complexion as is his simple evening dress with the glittering uniforms about him.

But even the button of the Loyal Legion at his lapel is not needed to stamp him as a soldier. To many men and women his name and fame are well known, and many a word of welcome has greeted him, and the beautiful girl who clings so proudly, yet almost protectingly, at his side—for serious illness has followed on the heels of a severe campaign under tropic skies, and the General so warmly hailed by the guest of honor, is but slowly recuperating in his native land. Quite a crowd surrounds them both and the little group of fair women who are "receiving," when, toward eleven o'clock, in the procession of arrivals, there appears a tall, distinguished-looking man for whom the floor committee seem anxious to clear a pathway—a personage whom, a moment later, the Admiral spies and steps forward in hearty sailor fashion to greet.

"Why, Senator," he cries; "this is glorious! I had no idea you were here!"

"Admiral," responds the newcomer, in the resonant tones of one to whom public speaking is an every-day affair, "I am here because *you* are here. I heard, sir, of this reception in your honor, as I was on my way to a conference in Chicago, and I stopped over purposely to join in the demonstration in your honor."

"So good of you; so very good!" responds the sailor, to whom all countrymen seem as friends. "By Jove! I'm glad you're here! I want you to meet one of the men who made history in Luzon. General—General!" he cries, summoning his soldier comrade. "General, I want you to know one of my particular friends—Senator Lansing—General Harold."

"General Harold," says the statesman, in prompt, full-voweled words that tell on every ear, "this is indeed a delightful surprise. I rejoice in this opportunity, sir, of meeting a soldier whose career we have all watched with such pride, and especially, sir, do I desire to thank you thus publicly for your tribute to my son—a brave boy, sir, though I do say it, as indeed you have, so handsomely—and that boy, sir, well-nigh worships you."

There is an instant murmur and ripple of applause in the surrounding throng. Then, a moment of odd silence and constraint. The cordially extended hand remains extended—yet unclasped. The thin face of the accosted General has gone well-nigh as white as his thick mustache. His steely, deep-set eyes are gazing straight into the broad, beaming features of the magniloquent statesman, but every muscle for an instant seems to be twitching as from some strange, uncontrollable emotion. The thin, white fingers are working convulsively. The deep chest rises and falls. With a half-smothered word of alarm, a tall, lovely girl has sprung to his side and placed a hand on the father's arm, at which, as though by intense effort of will, conquering some physical pain, the General takes the outstretched hand one instant in a cold, nervous clasp, then drops it, and coldly, almost inaudibly, replies:

"Good-evening, sir. Yes; Lieutenant Lansing is a most gallant officer. Now, excuse me. Florence—oh, yes, you're here." Then he bows, and, with her hand on his arm, turns abruptly away.

"The General still suffers from his wound," says the Admiral, evidently disturbed.

"His wound—yes—I see," says the Senator reflectively.

—a moment of odd silence and constraint. The cordially extended hand remains extended — yet unclasped

But before taking train on the morrow the Senator receives a letter in a hand he never saw before, yet knows at a glance. On the table lies another letter just received from his gallant boy, once again, after a few months' leave on surgeon's certificate, under orders to join his regiment in the Philippines. This letter ran:

Dear old Dad: Yours to the mater came last night. Lakewood has done her a power of good and I'm sound as ever in lung and limb, but I've lost one thing that she found out four weeks ago and you've got to be told of now. You know I was laid up at the Presidio a month before they would let me come on East. You know how kind the army women were to your banged-up son. You know what I think of old Blue Blood, my hero General—God bless him for the bravest, squarest, truest, tenderest-hearted old soldier that ever fought! You don't know how surprised and how lucky I was to find among the girls at the Presidio a certain Miss Florence Harold, for he never spoke of her to me, even when he came to say good-by and good luck. But *she's* home now, and he—and I want you to see him on your westward run, meet him, know him and—help me all you know how, for Dad, with all my soul I love his daughter.

Yours ever affectionately,

RICHARD K. LANSING.

And now, full of thought over this letter the Senator turns ruefully to the other, which he feels must be from the "squarest, truest, tenderest-hearted old," etc., etc. He knew it before he had seen more than the mere superscription.

Sir: Five years ago this month you did me the honor on the floor of the House to proclaim me publicly a disgrace to my cloth—a creature to be shunned of honest men and scorned by Christian women, and a being bereft of the last vestige of what is understood by the term officer and gentleman.

Last night in a crowded assemblage, with fulsome words, you almost as publicly tendered your hand. It would have served you right had I then and there refused it, but the man you had so wronged and outraged was at least too much of a gentleman to permit himself to humiliate you at such a time and in such a presence.

This is to notify you, however, that your effrontery will never again be overlooked. Under no circumstances will I recognize or receive you again. THOMAS HAROLD.

"Good Lord!" says Lansing; "I'd almost forgotten it entirely, and now my boy's life and happiness are bound up in this man's daughter."

A month later, when gallant Dick Lansing goes back to Manila it is with a sorely wounded heart and Florence Harold's "No." This, too, when he had good grounds for buoyant hope.

The winter is gone, the spring has come, May with sunshine and blossoms and balmy breezes brings new life to the veins of the veteran soldier, now honorably retired from active service, yet living his soldier life again in the glowing letters of his boys, both now fighting in the far Philippines. He could be happy as he is proud but for one thing. Though health and strength have returned to him and honors have come to his soldier sons, he has seen, with growing distress, that, brave and bright as she ever seemed in the long hours of the restful days they spent together in the South, his precious child has been visibly drooping. Twice he has surprised her in tears.

Between them, before he left Detroit, there had been one memorable talk upon the subject on which for at least four years, and even to her, his lips had been sealed. That hapless meeting with his defamer had rekindled all the old wrath, reopened the old galling wounds, and her fond caresses could not banish either. All that night he had paced the floor—he could not sleep. All the love and loyalty and devotion in her fond, pure heart went out to him in sympathy and support, even though she, too, was thinking of a never-to-be-forgotten night—an August evening at the Golden Gate—the last evening Dick Lansing spent at San Francisco before his start for home. There had been frank, full avowal on his part. There had been no promise on hers, for she knew *her* father if not his, and while she could not—would not—tell him of the painful episode that might still bear so heavily upon their hopes, she well knew her very manner had given him cause to hope—and that her cold, constrained letter, written at her father's bedside during the relapse that followed his meeting with the Senator, must have cut him to the quick and made him think her heartless. But here, with this wronged, wife-less old soldier, lay her duty now, and no earthly consideration should take her from him.

But oh, the pity of it!

A brilliant May day was ushered in, the anniversary of the blistering morning of the Santa Rita, and with her slender hand in his the General sat blinking out over the sparkling waters of the Tappan Zee, as the day boat bore them up the Hudson, bound for a brief visit to his beloved shrine, the Point. A young officer of the corps of instructors at the Academy, recognizing him, had found chairs for both upon the crowded deck, and then with deep intuition for one of his years, had left them to each other, for here was a clear

case, said he, of "Dad and Daughter Spoons." Off Croton Point he again accosted them, newspaper in hand, sympathetic interest in his young face.

"Hard luck your old friends of the —th had yesterday, General. They were with you last year, as I remember."

"Hard luck! How? I hadn't seen or heard." And with anxious eyes the old soldier turned upon the subaltern.

"Up against too big a gang in thick bamboo," was the answer. "Quite a number killed and wounded—and they've finished poor Dick Lansing this time."

"Oh, my God!" cried Harold. But warning came too late. Florence was hanging limp and senseless over the arm of the chair.

Four weeks later, when the United States transport Hancock steamed away for Manila, among the names recorded on her limited passenger list were those of General Harold, U. S. A., and daughter.

The full story of that stiff brush in the jungle had been long in coming. Swamp and thicket had delayed what was to have been a simultaneous flank attack, and the dash of the direct assault was met by a withering fire from invisible foes. They did their best, poor lads, but were driven back with cruel loss, leaving their gallant leader and perhaps half a dozen other wounded in the hands of the Tagals. Instantly another and stronger column was rushed out to repair the loss, and after long pursuit and almost incredible exertion, they recaptured the prisoners, with Lansing still alive, but very low. On the heels of this news came the report that Lieutenant Ben Harold was down with typhoid, and a white-faced veteran wired from West Point for permission to take the first transport; and before Florence was well enough to start on so long a journey a card was brought to the shaded room wherein she lay, and Harold's voice trembled as he said:

"I will see him—here."

They showed him in, and for a moment the newcomer's eyes were baffled by the darkness. He stepped at once, however, to the soldier, who had silently arisen. No hand was extended. Lansing stood and bowed his head.

"I have come," said he, "to say that which I should have said years ago. I wronged you utterly. For the sake of this dear girl, for the sake of—my dying boy—my all—can't you forgive a broken-hearted man?"

There have been some rapturous meetings on shipboard off the mouth of that grass-green, flooding Pasig, but this—this was something which a veteran mariner, long used to the language of the bridge and the fo'c's'le, declared "just blew me off soundings." From the day they left the Farallones to that of casting anchor off Manila, a full moon later, no word as to loved ones lingering between life and death had reached them. But an aide of the Commanding General came scrambling aboard with glad tidings for Harold before the chains ceased clanging through the hawse pipes. His soldier boy was rapidly convalescing at the Second Reserve, and—as for Dick!

There is a pretty room well forward on the Hancock, opening into the Captain's sanctum on the upper deck. In old days when, as an Atlantic greyhound, she bore the record and butted icebergs between Sandy Hook and Queenstown lights, they called it the ladies' boudoir. In '98 they refitted it for the commanding officer of the troops aboard. A portière hanging from the brazen rod at the entrance swung loosely in the breeze, and behind that pendent screen this gorgeous summer evening, just as the sun was dipping behind the grim barrier of the westward mountains, a bluff old skipper was taking a parting sip of champagne with the glad-eyed soldier for whose convenience the white launch of the Commanding General was already cleaving a way through the sparkling waters. With them, in cool white raiment, a fragile hand upon her sturdy father's arm, stood the fair girl whose devotion to that anxious veteran, despite her own deep dread, had won the honest sailor's enthusiastic admiration to the full as much as had her delicate beauty. With raised glass he was talking to the General, and looking at her, when suddenly, in the midst of the joyous clatter on deck, there was heard the unaccustomed sound of a crutch and a hail of welcome to some unseen "Dick," whereat Miss Harold seemed suddenly to lose all color, all breath, all sense of what her nautical admirer was saying; and when, an instant later, there came a tap at the open door and a thin, white hand at the curtain's edge, the lady as suddenly spun about, with a half-stifled, yet intense cry as of joy intolerable, dropped her father's arm, and was caught and clasped by two others that held her close—closer still in spite of falling crutch and failing leg.

Then inarticulate words and sobs and—other sounds that were never adequately described and never can be readily imitated—warned the wondering mariner that a listener was lost though a cause was won. One moment he gazed in semi-stupefaction, then drew the General forward into his own little den, and another curtain fell upon the scene.

CALUMET "K"—By Merwin-Webster

Authors of The Short Line War

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ELEVENTH CHAPTER

THE organization of labor unions is generally democratic. The local lodge is self-governing; it elects its delegate, who attends a council of fellow-delegates, and this council may send representatives to a still more powerful body. But however high their titles, or their salaries, these dignitaries have power only to suggest action, except in a very limited variety of cases. There must always be a reference back to the rank and file. The real decision lies with them.

That is the theory. The laborers on Calumet K, with some others at work in the neighborhood, had organized into a lodge and had affiliated with the American Federation of Labor. Grady, who had appeared out of nowhere, who had urged upon them the need for combining against the forces of oppression and had induced them to organize, had been, without dissent, elected delegate. He was nothing more in theory than this: simply their concentrated voice. And this theory had the fond support of the laborers. "He's not our boss; he's our servant," was a sentiment they never tired of uttering when the delegate was out of earshot.

They met every Friday night, debated, passed portentous resolutions and listened to Grady's oratory. After the meeting was over they liked to hear their delegate, their servant, talk mysteriously of the doings of the council, and so well did Grady manage this air of mystery that each man thought it assumed because of the presence of others, but that he himself was of the inner circle. They would not have dreamed of questioning his acts in meeting or after as they stood about the dingy, reeking hall over Barry's saloon. It was only as they went to their lodgings in groups of two and three that they told how much better they could manage things themselves.

Bannon enjoyed his last conversation with Grady, though it left him a good deal to think out afterward. He had acted quite deliberately, had said nothing that afterward he wished unsaid; but as yet he had not decided what to do next. After he heard the door slam behind the little delegate he walked back into his room, paced the length of it two or three times, then put on his ulster and went out. He started off aimlessly, paying no attention to whither he was going, and consequently he walked straight to the elevator. He picked his way across the C. & S. C. tracks, out to the wharf, and seated himself upon an empty nail keg not far from the end of the spouting-house.

He sat there a long while, heedless of all that was doing about him, turning the situation over and over in his mind. Like a good strategist, he was planning Grady's campaign as carefully as his own. Finally he was recalled to his material surroundings by a rough voice which commanded: "Get off that keg and clear out. We don't allow no loafers around here."

Turning, Bannon recognized one of the under-foremen. "That's a good idea," he said. "Are you making a regular patrol, or did you just happen to see me?"

"I didn't know it was you. No, I'm tending to some work here in the spouting-house."

"Do you know where Mr. Peterson is?"

"He was right up here a bit ago. Did you want to see him?"

"Yes, if he isn't busy. I'm not the only loafer here, it seems," added Bannon, nodding toward where the indistinct figures of a man and a woman could be seen coming slowly toward them along the narrow strip of wharf between the building and the water. "Never mind," he added as the foreman made a step in their direction, "I'll look after them."

The moment after he had called the foreman's attention to them he had recognized them as Hilda and Max. He walked over to meet them. "We can't get enough of it in the daytime, can we?"

"It's a great place for a girl, isn't it, Mr. Bannon?" said Max. "I was coming over here and Hilda made me bring her along. She said she thought it must look pretty at night."

"Doesn't it?" she asked. "Don't you think it does, Mr. Bannon?"

He had been staring at it for half an hour. Now for the first time he looked at it. For ninety feet up into the air the large mass was one unrelieved, unbroken shadow, barely distinguishable from the night sky that enveloped it. Above was the skeleton of the cupola made brilliant, fairly dazzling, in contrast, by scores of arc lamps. At that distance and in that confused tangle of light and shadow the great timbers of the frame looked spidery. The effect was that of a luminous crown upon a gigantic, sphinxlike head.

"I guess you are right," he said slowly. "But I never thought of it that way before. And I've done more or less night work, too."

A moment later Peterson came up. "Having a tea party out here?" he asked; then turning to Bannon: "Was there something special you wanted, Charlie? I've got to go over to the main house pretty soon."

"It's our friend, Grady. He's come down to business at last. He wants money."

Hilda was quietly signaling Max to come away, and Bannon, observing it, broke off to speak to them. "Don't go," he said. "We'll have a brief council of war right here." So Hilda was seated on the nail keg, while Bannon, resting his elbows on the top of a spile which projected waist high through the floor of the wharf, expounded the situation.

"You understand his proposition," he said, addressing Hilda, rather than either of the men. "It's just plain blackmail. He says: 'If you don't want your laborers to strike, you'll have to pay my price.'"

"Not much," Pete broke in. "I'd let the elevator rot before I'd pay a cent of blackmail."

"Page wouldn't," said Bannon shortly, "or MacBride, neither. They'd be glad to pay five thousand or so for protection. But they'd want protection that would protect. Grady's trying to sell us a gold brick. He hated us to begin with, and when he'd struck us for about all he thought we'd stand, he'd call the men off just the same and leave us to waltz the timbers around all by ourselves."

"How much did he want?"

"All he could get. I think he'd have been satisfied with a thousand, but he'd come 'round next week for a thousand more."

"What did you tell him?"

"I told him that a five-cent cigar was a bigger investment than I cared to make in him, and that when we paid blackmail it would be to some fellow who'd deliver the goods. I said he could begin to make trouble just as soon as he pleased."

"Seems to me you might have asked for a few days to decide. Then we could have got something ready to come at him with. He's liable to call our men out to-night, ain't he?"

"I don't think so. I thought of trying to stave him off for a few days, but then I thought: 'Why, he'll see through that game and he'll go on with his scheme for sewing us up just the same.' You see, there's no good saying we're afraid. So I told him that we didn't mind him a bit; said he could go out and have all the fun he liked with us. If he thinks we've got something up our sleeve he may be a little cautious. Anyway, he knows that our biggest rush is coming a little later and he's likely to wait for it."

Then Hilda spoke for the first time. "Has he so much power as that? Will they strike just because he orders them to?"

"Why, not exactly," said Bannon. "They decide that for themselves, or at least they think they do. They vote on it."

"Well, then," she asked hesitatingly, "why can't you just tell the men what Mr. Grady wants you to do and show them that he's dishonest? They know they've been treated all right, don't they?"

Bannon shook his head. "No use," he said. "You see, these fellows don't know much. They aren't like skilled laborers who need some sense in their business. They're just common roustabouts, and most of 'em have gunpowder in place of brains. They don't want facts or reason either; what they like is Grady's oratory. They think that's the finest thing they ever heard. They might all be perfectly satisfied and anxious to work, but if Grady was to sing out to know if they wanted to be slaves, they'd all strike like a freight train rolling down grade.

"No," he went on, "there's nothing to be done with the men. Do you know what would happen if I was to go up to their lodge and tell right out that Grady was a blackmailer? Why, after they'd got through with me, personally, they'd pass a resolution vindicating Grady. They'd resolve that I was a thief and a liar and a murderer and an oppressor of the poor and a traitor, and if they could think of anything more like that, they'd put it in, too. And after vindicating Grady to their satisfaction, they'd take his word for law and the gospel more than ever. In this sort of a scrape you want to hit as high as you can—strike the biggest man who will let you in his office. It's the small fry that make the trouble. I guess that's true 'most everywhere. I know the general manager of a railroad is always an easier chap to get on with than the division superintendent."

"Well," said Pete, after waiting a moment to see if Bannon had any definite suggestion to make as to the best way to deal with Grady, "I'm glad you don't think he'll try to tie us up to-night. Maybe we'll think of something to-morrow. I've got to get back on the job."

"I'll go up with you," said Max promptly. Then, in answer to Hilda's gesture of protest, "You don't want to climb away up there to-night. I'll be back in ten minutes;" he was gone before she could reply. "I guess I can take care of you till he comes back," said Bannon. Hilda made no answer. She seemed to think that silence would conceal her annoyance better than anything she could say. So, after waiting a moment, Bannon went on talking.

"I suppose that's the reason why I get ugly sometimes and call names; because I ain't a big enough man not to. If I was getting twenty-five thousand a year maybe I'd be as smooth as anybody. I'd like to be a general manager for a while, just to see how it would work."

"I don't see how anybody could ever know enough to run a railroad." Hilda was looking up at the C. & S. C. right of way, where the semaphore lights were winking.

"I was offered that job once myself, though, and turned it down," said Bannon. "I was superintendent of the electric light plant at Yawger. Yawger's quite a place, on a branch of the G. T. There was another road ran through the town called the Bemis, Yawger & Pacific. It went from Bemis to Stiles Corners, a place about six miles west of Yawger. It didn't get any nearer the Pacific than that. Nobody in Yawger ever went to Bemis or Stiles, and there wasn't anybody in Bemis and Stiles to come to Yawger, or if they did come they never went back, so the road didn't do a great deal of business. They assessed the stock every year to pay the officers' salaries—and they had a full line of officers, too—but the rest of the road had to scrub along the best it could.

"When they elected me alderman from the first ward up at Yawger, I found out that the B. Y. & P. owed the city four hundred and thirty dollars, so I tried to find out why they wasn't made to pay. It seemed that the city had had a judgment against them for years, but they couldn't get hold of anything that was worth seizing. They all laughed at me when I said I meant to get that money out of 'em.

"The railroad had one train; there was an engine and three box cars and a couple of flats and a combination—that's baggage and passenger. It made the round trip from Bemis every day, fifty-two miles over all, and, considering the roadbed and the engine, that was a good day's work.

"Well, that train was worth four hundred and thirty dollars all right enough if they could have got their hands on it, but the engineer was such a peppery chap that nobody ever wanted to bother him. But I just bided my time, and one hot day after watering up the engine him and the conductor went off to get a drink. I had a few lengths of log chain handy and some laborers with picks and shovels, and we made a neat, clean little job of it. Then I climbed up into the cab. When the engineer came back and wanted to know what I was doing there, I told him we'd attached his train. 'Don't you try to serve no papers on me,' he sung out, 'or I'll split your head.' 'There's no papers about this job,' said I. 'We've attached it to the track.' At that he dropped the fire shovel and pulled open the throttle. The drivers spun around, but the train never moved an inch.

"He calmed right down after that and said he hadn't four hundred and thirty dollars with him, but if I'd let the train go he'd pay me in a week. I couldn't quite do that, so him and the conductor had to walk 'way to Bemis where the general offices was. They was pretty mad. We had that train chained up there for a month, and at last they paid the claim."

"Was that the railroad that offered to make you general manager?" Hilda asked.

"Yes, provided I'd let the train go. I'm glad I didn't take it up, though. You see, the farmers along the road who held the stock in it made up their minds that the train had quit running for good, so they took up the rails where it ran across their farms, and used the ties for firewood. That's all they ever got out of their investment."

A few moments later Max came back and Bannon straightened up to go. "I wish you'd tell Pete when you see him to-morrow," he said to the boy, "that I won't be on the job till noon."

"Going to take a holiday?"

"Yes. Tell him I'm taking the rest cure up at a sanitarium."

At half-past eight next morning Bannon entered the outer office of R. S. Carver, President of the Central District of the American Federation of Labor, and seated himself on one of the long row of wood-bottomed chairs that stood against the wall. Most of them were already occupied by poorly dressed men who seemed also to be waiting for the president. One man, in dilapidated, dirty finery, was leaning over the stenographer's desk, talking about the last big strike and guessing at the chance of there being any fun ahead in the immediate future. But the rest of them waited in stolid, silent patience, sitting quite still in unbroken rank along the wall, their overcoats, if they had them, buttoned tight around their chins, though the office was stifling hot. The dirty man who was talking to the stenographer filled a pipe with some very bad tobacco and ostentatiously began smoking it, but not a man followed his example.

Bannon sat in that silent company for more than an hour before the great man came. Even then there was no movement among those who sat along the wall, save as they followed him almost furtively with their eyes. The president never so much as glanced at one of them; for all he seemed to see the rank of chairs might have been empty. He marched across to his private office, and, leaving the door open behind him, sat down before his desk. Bannon sat still a moment waiting for those who had come before him to make the first move, but not a man of them stirred, so, somewhat out of patience with this mysteriously solemn way of doing business, he arose and walked into the president's office with as much assurance as though it had been his own. He shut the door after him. The president did not look up, but went on cutting open his mail.

"I'm from MacBride & Company, of Minneapolis," said Bannon.

"Guess I don't know the parties."

"Yes, you do. We're building a grain elevator at Calumet."

The president looked up quickly. "Sit down," he said. "Are you superintending the work?"

"Yes. My name's Bannon—Charles Bannon."

"Didn't you have some sort of an accident out there? An overloaded hoist? And you hurt a man, I believe?"

"Yes."

"And I think one of your foremen drew a revolver on a man."

"I did, myself."

The president let a significant pause intervene before his next question: "What do you want with me?"

"I want you to help me out. It looks as though we might get into trouble with our laborers."

"You've come to the wrong man. Mr. Grady is the man for you to talk with. He's their representative."

"We haven't got on very well with Mr. Grady. The first time he came on the job he didn't know our rule that visitors must apply at the office, and we weren't very polite to him. He's been down on us ever since. We can't make any satisfactory agreement with him."

Carver turned away impatiently. "You'll have to," he said, "if you want to avoid trouble with your men. It's no business of mine. He's acting on their instructions."

"No, he isn't," said Bannon sharply. "What they want, I guess, is to be treated square and paid a fair price. What he wants is blackmail."

"I've heard that kind of talk before. It's the same howl that an employer always makes when he's tried to bribe an agent who's active in the interest of the men, and got left at it. What have you got to show for it?"

Bannon drew out Grady's letter and handed it to him. Carver read it through, then tossed it on his desk. "You certainly don't offer that as proof that he wants blackmail?"

"There's never any proof of blackmail. When a man can see me alone, he isn't going to talk before witnesses, and he won't commit himself in writing. Grady told me that unless we paid his price he'd tie us up. No one else was around when he said it."

"Then you haven't anything but your say so. But I know him and I don't know you. Do you think I'd take your word against his?"

"That letter doesn't prove blackmail," said Bannon, "but it smells of it. And there's the same smell about everything Grady has done. When he came to my office a day or two after that hoist accident I tried to find out what he wanted, and he gave me nothing but oratory. I tried to pin him down to something definite, but my stenographer was there and Grady didn't have a suggestion to make. Then by straining his neck and asking questions he found out we were in a hurry, that the elevator was no good unless it was done by January first, and that we had plenty of money.

"Two days after he sent me that letter. Look at it again. Why does he want to take both of us to Chicago on Sunday morning when he can see me any time at my office on the job?" Bannon spread the letter open before Carver's face. "Why doesn't he say right here what it is he wants, if it's anything he dares to put in black and white? I didn't pay any attention to that letter; it didn't deserve any. And then will you tell me why he came to my room at night to see me instead of to my office in the daytime? Does all that look as if I'd tried to bribe him? Forget that we're talking about Grady and tell me what you think it looks like?"

Carver was silent for a moment. "That wouldn't do any good," he said at last. "If you had proof that I could act on, I might be able to help you. I haven't any jurisdiction in the internal affairs of that lodge; but if you could offer proof that he is what you say he is, I could tell them that if they continued to support him the Federation withdraws its support. But I don't see that I can help you as it is. I don't see any reason why I should."

"I'll tell you why you should. Because if there's any chance that what I've said is true, it will be a lot better for your credit to have the thing settled quietly. And it won't be settled quietly if we have to fight. It isn't very much you have to do; just satisfy yourself as to how things are going down there. See whether we're square or Grady is. Then when the scrap comes on you'll know how to act. That's all. Do your investigating in advance."

"That's just what I haven't any right to do. I can't mix up in the business till it comes before me in the regular way."

"Well," said Bannon with a smile, "if you can't do it yourself, maybe some man you have confidence in would do it for you."

Carver drummed thoughtfully on his desk for a few minutes. Then he carefully folded Grady's letter and put it in his pocket. "I'm glad to have met you, Mr. Bannon," he said, holding out his hand. "Good-morning."

Next morning while Bannon was opening his mail a man came to the timekeeper's window and asked for a job as a laborer. "Guess we've got men enough," said Max.

The man put his head in the window. "A fellow down in Chicago told me if I'd come out here to Calumet K and ask Mr. Bannon for a job he'd give me one."

"Are you good up high?" Bannon asked.

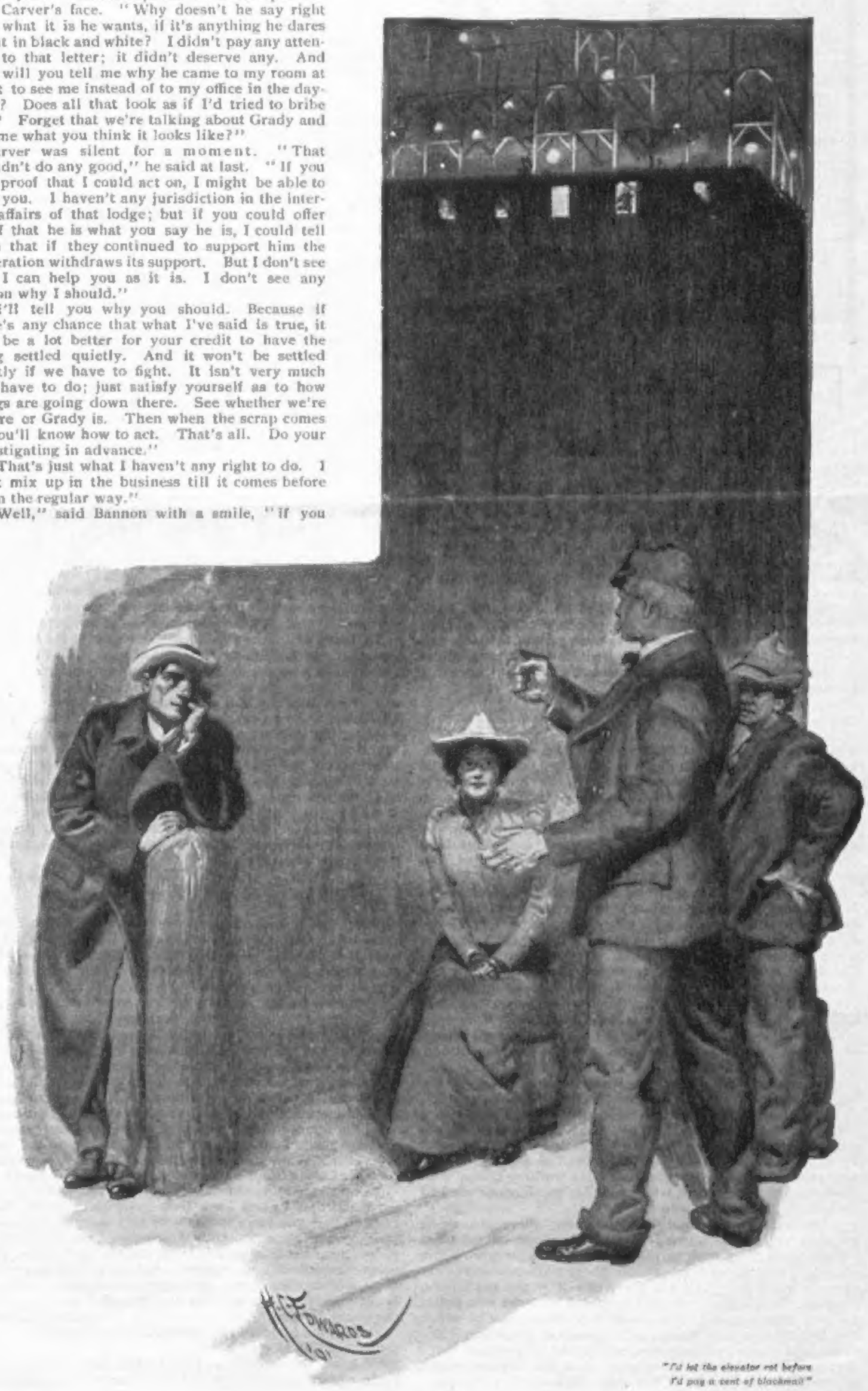
The man smiled ruefully and said he was afraid not.

"Well, then," returned Bannon, "we'll have to let you in on the ground floor. What's your name?"

"James."

"Go over to the tool house and get a broom. Give him a check, Max."

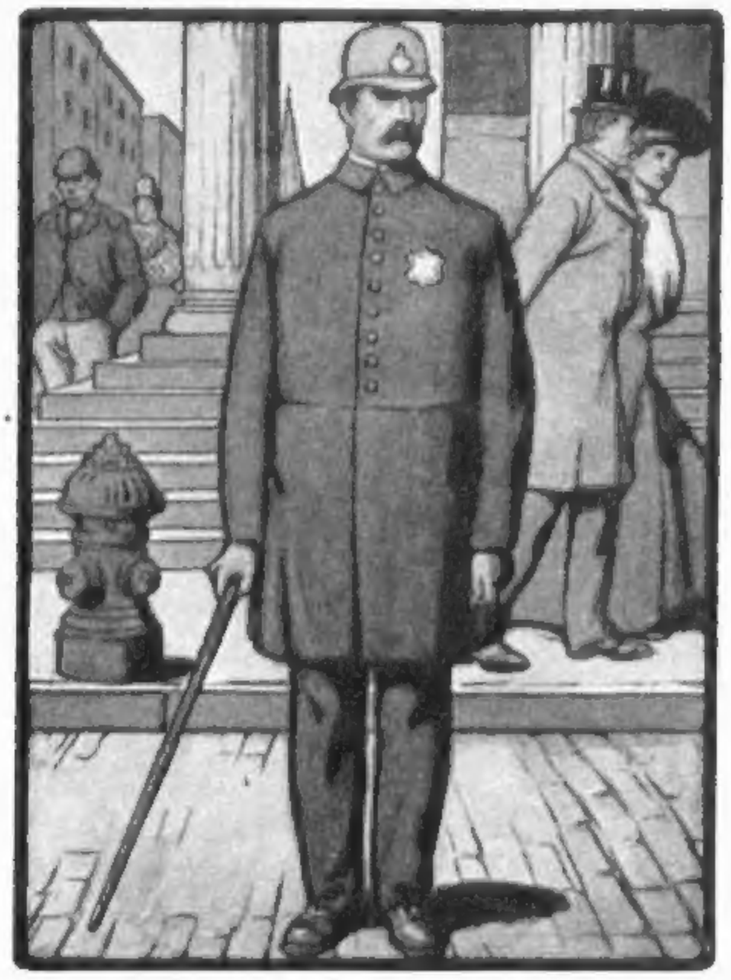
(TO BE CONTINUED)



"I'd let the elevator rot before I'd pay a cent of blackmail"

Policing a Modern Metropolis—By Francis O'Neill

General Superintendent of Police, City of Chicago



THE official life of the chief police executive of a large city is mainly an unremitting effort to say "No"—and to say it with the least possible offense to those whose requests and demands are denied. If he is a forceful and honest man, who enters his office with a determination to give a good, sound police administration, he puts his shoulder against the powerful coil-spring of political influence the moment he enters upon his duties. Not only must he maintain his pressure without an instant of relaxation, but this must be steadily increased until the repression of adverse influences reaches that point which will win the approval of the people—or rather, of the reasonable portion of the public, which realizes that a great city cannot be transformed into a Sunday-school by the application of brute force as represented by the policeman's baton.

The instant the pressure is relaxed the spring flies back with a force proportioned to the pressure which has been exerted upon it. It will not do to push part of the time and then relax into easy-going methods. The successful Chief must keep pushing evenly and steadily, and during every moment of his official existence.

THE "FRONT OFFICE" WIRE-PULLERS

That automatically alert, stubborn and aggressive resistance to police pressure which forms the spring against which the executive of the Department must keep his shoulder sternly set comprises various forces, but mainly they are evident in efforts to get at the public crib, to secure special privileges, and to prevent the punishment of criminals and transgressors of the law. Other elements enter into the problem, but these are the principal ones which may profitably be taken into account and carefully analyzed.

First and foremost is political influence. No layman who is not brought in daily contact with the routine of business at police headquarters in a big city can form any idea of the demands made upon the time of a Chief of Police by the place hunters. When the force is not under strict civil service rule the volume of these supplications passes understanding. If the policemen's clubs were made of gold instead of locust wood, competition for them could scarcely be more strenuous. In this particular I speak from long and painful experience. For more than eight years I served as private secretary, or in other confidential positions, in the office of Superintendent of Police, and during most of that time a place on the force was considered one of the legitimate spoils of party victory. Now, however, civil service in the Police Department of Chicago is "not a theory, but a condition." Ever since the passage of the civil-service law there has been a constant tightening of lines, until the conditions which prevail at present may be well covered by the statement that I am working to-day with absolutely the same force with which my predecessor worked and which he handed down to me.

Even under these conditions, however, there are many political visitors to this office, who come here on behalf of friends whom they wish to place on the force, or who, being already there, desire promotion. These ward politicians are slow to learn that civil service, when it is the real thing, shuts the flood-gate on the old channel of entrance into police life and changes the whole direction of the stream by which the Department receives its influx of fresh materials. But those who now come here to exert their "drag" are but a corporal's guard when compared with the legions which stormed the Department in the older days.

In order to assist those unfamiliar with the actual conditions, let me attempt to show the persistency with which a Chief of Police is preyed upon when positions on the force are subject to political pull. During my service as private secretary to a former Superintendent of Police I had two experiences which stick in my memory as thoroughly typical of scores of others which might be recalled.

HOW THE ALDERMAN WAS SAVED

One day a very efficient alderman, who was not afraid to exert himself in the interests of his constituents, came to me with a troubled face and a wearied manner. Dropping dejectedly into a chair he made known his mission.

"I am being slowly but surely driven to insanity," he said. "There is a certain patrolman on the force who is determined that I shall secure his promotion to the position of sergeant. He never sleeps! It is impossible to shake him. No matter how early I rise in the morning or how late I return home at night, he or one of his emissaries is camped on my front door steps, and he has a faithful lookout posted at the rear of the house so that I cannot make my escape by way of the alley. The importunate widow of Scriptural celebrity was a shy, shrinking and purposeless creature compared with this patrolman! Time and again I have discussed his case with the Chief, and I understand that there is not the slightest chance in the world for his promotion under present conditions. If I had a dozen interviews with the Superintendent I couldn't grasp the hopelessness of this man's case any better than I do now; and I have explained every circumstance to him over and over again, but without making the slightest impression upon his hopes or determination. He will not listen to reason, and now I am ready to resort to other methods. Is there not some ordinance or rule of the Department which says that officers who annoy the Department Chief with delegations in their behalf shall be subject to discipline?"

"Yes," I replied; "there is such a rule, and your best plan is to bring your man in for an interview. Meantime, I will acquaint the Chief with the circumstances of the case and call his attention to the ruling which covers the case."

This scheme was carried out, and the next morning the alderman and the patrolman appeared—the latter smiling with satisfaction over the prospect that the "boss" had "weakened," and that a short interview with the Superintendent of the Department would "fix things all right" and secure his promotion to the pay and dignity of a sergeant. After the alderman had defined the object of their call the Chief put on his severest expression and, turning suddenly to the policeman, said:

"Do you know that you are violating one of the rules of the Department in coming here to take up my time in order to secure promotion by political influence? Well, you are; and the penalty for it is suspension or dismissal from the service, according to my discretion. I guess that suspension will answer while I take your case under advisement."

This turn of affairs was a terrible shock to the patrolman, and nearly threw him into a spasm of fear. His irrepressible ambition to wear the uniform of a sergeant suddenly left him and all his thought became instantly centred on saving himself from disgrace and retaining his position. Then the alderman made an earnest plea that the man be spared the penalty, on condition that the offense should never be repeated. After seeming carefully to weigh this argument of intercession, the Superintendent finally acceded to the alderman's request. When they came out of the Chief's private office the patrolman grasped the alderman's hand and wrung it with a grip which told of the gratitude which he could not put into words. That patrolman never asked for promotion after this experience; he was content to let new honors seek him instead of seeking them.

AN EASY WAY OF PAYING DEBTS

Another incident which even more effectively illustrates the great volume of demands made upon the time of the chief executive of the Police Department concerns an alderman who took care of his people in the manner most approved by the prevailing standard of ward politics. He hustled persistently on the errands of his constituents, no matter how hopeless the missions which engaged his energy. Early one morning he came into Chief Brennan's office with a big, muscular man in tow. They were pleasantly welcomed by the Chief, who informed them, in as few words as possible, that there was no vacancy on the force and no likelihood that one would occur in the near future. Half an hour later the same alderman returned with another man, bent on securing a similar appointment. Again the Chief patiently made the explanation. Four times this rôle was repeated by the alderman. When he brought in the fifth man, however, the patience of the Chief was exhausted and he exclaimed:

"Can't you understand, sir, that I am here to do police work and that I must have time in which to do it? This is the fifth call you have made here this morning for the purpose of getting a constituent appointed on the force. In every instance I have told you plainly that there are no vacancies and that no appointments as patrolmen are possible. And still here you come again with another man! This is carrying things altogether too far. I hope you will not annoy me further."

Placing his hand on the shoulder of the Chief the alderman interrupted him by saying:

"I know that as well as you do, but can't you see that I must square myself with my constituents and particularly with those who run the ward and who gave me my seat in the Council? I dislike to come here and take up your time, over and over again, on a mission which I know is hopeless, quite as much as you dislike to be interrupted, but there is no other way out of it. My men will not be satisfied unless I bring them here so that they may hear from your own lips the statement that they have no chance to secure appointment to places on the force—and I may as well tell you right now that I have just two more such calls to make to-day and that you will materially injure my interests if you do not give me a hearing, however brief."

And this alderman was only one of many, all working to keep the favor of their political henchmen by the same method—that of robbing the Chief of the time he should have to master the problems of actual police business, the maintenance of good order and the apprehension and punishment of criminals. The pay-roll of the Police Department of Chicago now numbers more than three thousand names. What if these places were subject to the exigencies of political pull? Under such an unfortunate condition the Superintendent of Police could not claim one hour a day for undivided attention to the non-political duties of his office. Generally, where appointments to the force are at the mercy of political influence, there is some person high in the confidence of the administration who makes an effort to adjust or distribute the political patronage. Even then, however, the Chief is perpetually handicapped by the political exigencies of the moment. He cannot make a move, even in the enforcement of discipline, without taking the time to learn if he is thereby about to tread upon the toes of some politician who is able, perchance, to reach up to the very head of the Department with disturbing results. Consequently he must consult the political thermometer every hour—almost every minute—of each day, and this paralyzes his usefulness as an active director of the police powers of the city.

HOW A JUDGE KEPT STRAIGHT

Thus far I have told only how the time, the energy and the hopes of the head of the Police Department are consumed by the place hunters. When there is no civil service they have full sway. When a civil service law is rigidly enforced, as it is in Chicago under the present administration, this pest is reduced to a minimum.

Years ago I stood beside the desk of a certain police magistrate who presided over one of the most crowded police courts in Chicago. At his right hand, when he opened court, was a stack of letters. Invariably the envelopes were left unopened until after the close of court. It impressed me as a little strange that a wide-awake officer of the law should not open his morning mail until noon or after. He saw that this practice interested me, and when we were alone he volunteered this explanation:

"Almost every letter which reaches me in the morning delivery contains a message calculated to influence my decision of some case to be heard in the course of the day. If I allow myself to read the letters before listening to the cases it is almost impossible not to be influenced by the statements, arguments and even threats which they contain. Some of them come from sources which are practically irresistible to the man who has run the political gantlet necessary in order to secure appointment to the position of police magistrate. The only way by which I can secure even partial immunity from such pressure is to leave the letters unopened until the cases are heard. Then, of course, I can write to my correspondents that the contents of their important communications were not known to me until after the cases in question were decided."

This effort to evade the wholesale pressure of political influence had a pathetic and inevitable ending. The men whose letters failed to produce the desired results in his decisions secured his official scalp and his name was not included among those forwarded to the Governor for reappointment. He was among the exceptions in his class. Most of his associates on the police bench read their letters before making their decisions.

Some magistrates have been known to resort to a shifty scheme by which to placate the powerful influences. They would announce orally a decision precisely the reverse of that actually entered in the docket. Of course, the clerk would make a minute of the oral decision—but upon the blotter and not on the pages of the docket! Under this plan the prosecuting witness would leave the court-room with the satisfaction of having scored a victory, while the defendant would remain to take a later and leisurely departure.

CONTESTS FOR THE POLICE-COURT BENCH

When a private citizen starts out to secure an appointment to a police justiceship he enters upon a long race, every step of which adds to the handicap of obligations with which he must inevitably be weighted. First, he must get one of the circuit judges to place his name in nomination for justice of the peace. This means, as a rule, that he must get the indorsement of the political organization of his ward or of other powerful influences in the community. To do this implies starting with the backing of the political leaders of his own precinct. When these are won to his standard the contest moves into the large field of the ward, and here he is likely to encounter a dozen competitors who are working the wires with tried skill and cunning. He must get men to hustle for him, to indorse him, to see their friends in his behalf, and to checkmate his competitors. By the time he has gained the backing of the ward powers he has received enough favors to sink a ship. After his judicial nomination his name is sent

to the Governor of the State. This carries the battle to the State Capitol. Again he must gather his forces and get his friends to see the Governor in his behalf. If this assault of the hustlers is successful, the Chief Executive of the State sends his name to the State Senate for confirmation. Sometimes the work of months is blasted by the antagonism of one powerful political "knocker" who can make himself felt at the State Capitol. The appointment of the Governor secured, the guns of influence are next called into action to secure Senatorial confirmation. If this is won, the candidate is now a justice of the peace, but not, be it remembered, a police magistrate. From the list of justices of the peace the Mayor selects the police justices. Here comes a far more severe test of political influence than any yet encountered, for such a position is very profitable. Once more the candidate must get his backers "to the front" and inspire them with renewed diligence and activity. Then there is still the supreme test—that of securing assignment to the police court of paramount importance and profit. By the time this long and wearisome gantlet has been run the candidate who secures a place in one of the principal police courts has placed himself under obligations not only to almost every man of his own acquaintance, but to his friends' friends as well. And before he is fairly settled in his long-sought chair in the police court he is reminded, by hundreds of demands, that his shoulders are loaded with political debts.

These claims are presented to him for liquidation every day of his political life. He may be a man of strong integrity and fully determined to discharge his duties with strict judicial impartiality, but he cannot escape the haunting presence of his obligations; and his official life is bound to be a constant struggle between conscience and the demands of political creditors. Under a good administration the police magistrate who pays his political debts at the expense of judicial impartiality will be found out and dispensed with, but under a bad one he will thrive and fatten.

A SUPERINTENDENT'S HANDICAPS

The same observation will apply in general to the Superintendent of Police. If he secures his appointment through political influence and wire pulling he will be encumbered with obligations which will be pressed upon him with merciless importunity and under the most embarrassing circumstances. When such an appointment is made absolutely without the foreknowledge of the appointee, and without any application on his part for the place, he comes to his duties under the most favorable circumstances possible; and his failure to give a good, sound administration, under genuine civil service rule, must be either his own fault or that of the Mayor by whom he is appointed. It is safe to say, however, that the burden of responsibility will rest with himself, for the Mayor who resists all political pressure and selects as his chief political executive a man not pushed by any clique or group of politicians, can have but one motive for such independence—that of giving a police administration free from all political entanglements and designed for legitimate and courageous police work.

There is a wide difference of opinion as to what constitutes a good police administration for a big city. A certain element will not be satisfied with anything short of the absolute ideal in morals. But the reasonable portion of the public realizes that this is an impossibility. Ideal morality cannot be universally enforced in any community, particularly in a large city, even by a police force made up of men having the moral courage of martyrs and the stern convictions of Puritans. What, then, is the best that can be expected in the line of approximating the ideal, with human nature as it is now constituted? How much can be demanded, in the limits of human reason, in suppressing vice and crime and preserving order in a modern metropolis? My own definition of a good police administration, as it has been worked out by twenty-eight years of service in the department, is this:

WHAT THE POLICE OUGHT TO ACCOMPLISH

First. The suppression of public gambling to a point where the police force does not know of its existence, and where honest and vigilant effort is constantly put forth to discover its outcropping and to punish its appearance.

Second. The suppression of vice to a point where it cannot directly affect those who do not, of their own unaided choice, seek its haunts.

Third. The placing of the saloon thoroughly under the control of the law.

Fourth. The reduction of crime and disorder to that minimum which results from a knowledge, on the part of the potential lawbreakers, that punishment shall be impartial and exempt from the influence of political pull or other form of official corruption.

These are the main points in my definition of a sound police administration; and if the conditions I have outlined are fairly approximated the people may well be satisfied and should give that administration their hearty confidence and support, resting assured that they will never know at what cost of vigilance, hard work and perpetual warfare such a result has been attained.

It must be apparent to any thoughtful and well-informed man of the world that the materials with which a chief of police has to work are not ideal. The policeman's pay and the nature of his duties are hardly attractive to a man of acute moral sensibilities or highly developed intellectuality, and this is not in any sense a reflection upon the mental or moral make-up of the men who constitute the police force. They are human; their wage is comparatively small, and their work mainly of a rough sort and repulsive to the man of refined sensibilities. They are constantly brought in contact with the harsh, the corrupt, the vicious and the sordid sides of life, and it is not to be wondered at that many of them yield to the unwholesome influences of such a contact. This makes it necessary for the conscientious and energetic Chief of Police to exercise unflagging vigilance to see that his honest efforts are not thwarted by the men under him. He must keep as close a surveillance upon his men as they are supposed to keep upon the public.

LETTERS OF COMPLAINT FROM THE PUBLIC

In addition to this means of detecting corruption, connivance and inattention to duty, he has also the private communications which reach him from the public at large. I receive scores of these letters daily. They must, however, be considered with great care and acted upon with conservatism. All of them are thoroughly investigated, mainly by secret agents, and many are found to have been inspired by malice, spite, envy, rank unreasonableness and other equally unworthy motives. The sifting of complaints is one of the most delicate duties which a Superintendent of Police is called upon to discharge. Though he should be able to locate any "grafting" on the part of the men in his force, that is not always so easy and simple a matter as might be supposed. More than one Chief has gone well-nigh to the end of his administration without finding out the source of certain influences which constantly thwarted his good intentions, and he has exclaimed, when about to retire: "Oh for one month more in which to make good the record!"

But, to recur to the topic first discussed, the bane of police service is political influence. This is the drone-maker. The officer with the "soft snap," who is shocked and almost insulted if required actually to perform police duty, is a perpetual annoyance and stumbling-block to the head of the Department.

Those who are inclined harshly but sincerely to criticise Chicago for a supposed unreasonable prevalence of crime, in the line of confidence workers and easy-money men, fail to take into account the unwelcome legacy left us by the World's Fair, which brought here many strange devices and many clever workers in this field. This sinister influence has been more far-reaching and difficult to uproot than can be realized by any person except the conscientious police officer. It was an educational campaign which introduced the "panel house," the "knock-out drops," and a score of other modern developments in the arts of the professional criminal, unknown here before the great Exposition. To uproot the harvest of that sowing has been a larger task than can easily be appreciated.

What Women Will Wear in the Twentieth Century

By Octave Uzanne

WHEN the question is of feminine fashions, one may, without any fear of ridicule, skirt all the paradoxes, weave all the fantasies, and festoon in zigzag all the suppositions possible; expose without order researches into and combinations of costume the most fabulous and the most imaginary—nothing that a writer devoted to the art of the toilet might invent or suggest could be taxed with being incontestable foolishness. There is no possible paradox on the question; everything conspires to render possible the most unlikely things. Fashion permits one to irrationalize at will, for at the most often she is herself irrational. She would no longer be Fashion if she did not know how to escape the laws of ponderation and stability. Her symbol is the weather vane, which whirls on the slightest whimsy of the wind, and which may not be fixed without losing its usefulness; it is also the butterfly, which bursts its chrysalis to spoil the earth of perfume and of color.

THE STAMP OF STYLE

Woman seems to have invented Fashion to hold in constant curiosity and eager mystery her loving physiologists, her painters, and her historiographers. Across the evolutions of the centuries she appears continually differing from herself, and her metamorphoses of toilet, in the far-off of the ages as well as in the nearer present, are so complex and so extravagant that they defy the most learned scholars utterly to lay bare their successive expressions.

It was not unworthy the character of Adam Smith, the celebrated Scotch economist, to write in his Theory of the Sentiments two curious and subtile chapters on Fashion; the one relating to its influence on the conceptions of beauty and of deformity, the other, entirely physical, showing the impression that custom and costume may exercise on the moral sentiments. Fashion, who is the Goddess of Appearances, could only be further exalted by contact with our modern civilization, where ostentation has become more than ever a necessity of the wealthy. Without Fashion the fair elegants of the smart set would not be endlessly hurried away, indefatigable equestrians in an extraordinary steeplechase through the workrooms of the famous drapers, costumers and modistes of the great cities of the world. The toilet has assuredly become for the woman of to-day the first of the arts; it is in some sort the outward sign of the taste of her who wears it; it gives the stamp of her personality. The fashionable of to-day strives to exteriorize, through the costume which shapes to her form, her more intimate distinctions. Furthermore, in following blindly the decrees of the Goddess of Fashion, the woman of to-day plays also a part of charity, exercises surely a charitable action; for never has the remark of Chamfort appeared more judicious, that change of Fashion appears as the disguised tax which the industry of the poor imposes upon the vanity of the rich.

THE TRIUMPH OF THE ETERNAL FEMININE

What inspires a capital idea of the charm, of the beauty and the seductiveness of woman, from the hour when she began to clothe herself in primitive garments worked up from the first fruits of Nature, is the manner in which she has succeeded in triumphing, always and without interruption, as by some powerful enchantment, over the often prodigious plainness and the too-frequent deformations which the habit of Fashion seems to have imposed upon her at various intervals of history.

In the days of the sixteenth century, when farthingales, when skirts starched and plaited, came to imprison her in ells of heavy stuffs, when ruffs tilted high her head over enormous wide-crimped collars, when puffed sleeves in the German style pinned balloons to her arms, and inflexible corsets of iron flattened out those long and waspish waists whose rigorous and haughty expression Velasquez rendered so marvelously—in that armor more difficult to wear than the battle harness of a warrior—woman found means of being at her ease.

How many other tortures, undergone by her in the course of those times with the unconsciousness even of being their victim, she supported! For Fashion, like Religion, works her miracles.

The desire to be beautiful and in the taste of the day has transformed into veritable fakirs of the Occident, insensible at once to the contortions and to the rigors required, almost all women worthy of the name since first coquetry appeared upon the earth.

Run over in your mind the costumes of our grandmothers: the binding frocks of the Grand Siècle; the hoopskirts of the eighteenth century; those costumes of *nymphes légères*—of the time of the French Directorate especially—which made so many consumptives; then the crinolines of forty years ago—those horrible circles of steel, which so ridiculously cooped our grandmothers; what sufferings must such styles have implied had not an overmastering desire to please come to dominate the constraint of wearing them. When one thinks of the unbelievable combinations that feminine hair-dressing alone has caused to be invented and tolerated, one stands aghast. After the topknots and powdered wigs, the headdresses terraced to a yard above the cranial box, the woolsacks, cropped *à la Titus*, worn toward the epoch of Napoleon the First, how many other tonsorial crimes against the laws of Nature may not one imagine! Tressed fillets, chignons trussed up *à la chinoise*, corkscrew-curled pigtails, puffs built up above the occiput like confectioners' cakes!—surely, if Dante should return to earth he might conceive the idea of adding a new circle to his inferno: that of the devotees of Fashion. Their tortures would be to continue in the infernal regions precisely what they did in our earthly society; to give themselves over without respite to masseuses, hair-dressers, corset-makers, lingères, costumers, shoemakers and glovers, with long hours of trying on, mornings given over to cosmetics, nights to greased masks, to drugs, to soporifics—and that but shortly after the excitements of the evening. On the pediment of this last circle might be read this *résumé* of the life of the coquette:

S'habiller—babiller—
se déshabiller
(To dress—to babble—
to undress).

But why philosophize further? Whatever the human passion to which each one of us surrenders, it could not undergo cold-blooded analysis without revealing itself tainted with folly. We all of us, more or less deeply, channel our life in the impermeable shell of a dominating function, which gives us the illusion of a happiness seen in the outcome, like the glow one makes out at the far end of a railway tunnel. We

all progress toward happiness by a thousand paths, all equally misleading—including that of fortune, which, as well as any other, creates so many bondages, such torture, envy and moral indigence.

WOMAN'S FIELD OF STRATEGY

The toilet is, after love—or parallel with love—the principal goal of the great majority of the daughters of Eve. Many know no literature but that of Fashion. Fashion becomes the manœuvring field of their strategy, the theme of their scientific ambition. They love this Fashion, this daughter of Proteus, who changes each season the decorative treatment of the figure.

Can we blame them for it?

And are not we men recompensed for such fervor for perfection in the setting forth of beauty when we contemplate at each spring-time the metamorphoses of feminine charms, and the new-blown grace of so many pretty women who give the streets of our great cities the appearance of fairy gardens, of which they might be the human flowers?

Although it seems difficult to affirm anything with positiveness upon a subject so delicate, so airy—one might add so illusive—as that which we are treating, it may be permitted us to think that the day of wide eccentricity in dress has definitely passed, and that we enter with this twentieth century into a period of calm, or relative, wisdom, and, so to speak, into the adult age of Fashion. Henceforward, Fashion will evolve about one and the same æsthetic sentiment without return to the extravagance of our mothers. Our cosmopolitanism—this age of leveling commercialism, of uniform apparel, of travel, of utilitarianism—will always bring us back to a necessary simplicity—even in excessive luxury—and will prevent the makers and promoters of new styles from disregarding too brutally a dress appropriate to contemporary life and the habit we have formed of reading the anatomy of the figure in the drapery which closely follows it, or which at the least allows it to be imagined.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE TAILOR-MADE GOWN

The modern woman, who more and more emancipates herself from the barbarous prejudices which long time held her in check, is less, even than recently, a dressmaker's model—or, if one prefers, a pretty manikin, whose laziness formerly lent itself easily to furbelows which precluded physical exercise. Both traveler and student, a lover of sport, of cycling and of motor-driving, in mind more independent than ever, in bearing more boyish, it would be hard to see in her to-day the sickly and capricious child she was so long in the Latin countries. It is for this that Fashion, do what she may, cannot from to-day henceforward clothe her like a Spanish Madonna or like an eccentric doll. Farewell pokes and crinolines, immoderate guimpes, pagoda sleeves, and coiffures that scale the heavens! We shall see you no more in days to come, for, aside from the fact that woman will be less frivolous, her time will seem too precious to surrender to the tyranny of the toilet so many hours which might be filled with work or pleasure more interesting and no doubt more healthful.

A definite step was taken the day when the tailor-made gown became part of our life. That day the doll, the fashion automaton, felt, in the appropriateness and the simplicity of her semi-masculine attire, something like an indication of her force, of her rights, of the less subordinate part which might fall to her in the future. She began to draw nearer man with that feeling of kinship, which was, at the outset, but a comrade's playfulness, but which has since so singularly strengthened, especially among the Anglo-Saxon races, where the feminine type has grown to such remarkable perfection in the last fifty years.

Some few sociological writers have expounded the idea that we should consider our fair contemporaries as the vanishing point of a race. Such is not our opinion, and, far from deeming the women of to-day as the last examples of a state of civilization on the verge of disappearing, we believe that they present to us an advanced type of a fortunate evolution, or rather the embryo already formed of that future Eve who shall conspire in our social re-birth.

What manner of woman will she be? A serious problem, the solution of which could be expressed only at great length, and the nature of which many inquisitive minds have attempted to set forth. But to those who more logically should say to us: "What will be the fashions of this coming woman, she who is growing up to-day and will begin to enter into the flower of her beauty toward 1915?" we should attempt to reply, half seriously, half whimsically: "What will be these fashions? Just this: simple and complex." Our beguilers will abdicate only transitorily the empire of the beautiful and ornate, and their kingdom of pretty trifles, of chiffons, of silk and supple crépon can never be forfeit. They will reign there, as in the past, but provisionally—chrysalides through the long day, in comfortable gowns and easy to wear; at night they will reveal themselves as butterflies, in holiday resplendence, in sumptuous robes, diversely draped, masterpieces of taste, which will be still the admiration of artists and still the despair of husbands; for signed work being without other price than that fixed by the signatory, the art of adorning our companions will be in consequence at least as onerous for the purse of the head of the house as now—if not more so.

Toilets will multiply by so much the more as they will be needed for every use. A fair fashionable of the twentieth century will need extremely complex wardrobes, divided into as many departments as the ordinary occupations of life shall make necessary. We shall see a compartment for hunting dress, riding jackets and habits, hussars' pelisses for the hunting field, Scotch kilts, leggins, toques and riding hats; a compartment for easy and ample waists for traveling wear, plaited skirts, loose-fitting polonaises and comfortable cloaks; a compartment for town gowns and calling frocks; one for wheeling and motor-driving; those for tennis, for cycling, for the shore—and what not else! Numerous ladies' maids will be assigned the keep and count of all these costumes, and it would be no sinecure to have to watch over such considerable provisions of strict necessities for all the contingencies foreseen by and to be foreseen of My Lady. The life of a fashionable, under these conditions, would be nearly comparable to that of William the Second of Germany, whose cloakroom, packed with civil and military uniforms of all countries, is famous the world over. Several times a day the pretty woman who wishes to make good her social standing will hurry to one or another of her wardrobes for a morning walking coat, a riding habit or driving coat, the roomy leather tunic for automobile or autocycle, light skirt and shirt-waist for the bicycle, gauze and scarf for tennis, seashore costume of lawn, or some undress caprice for afternoon tea or garden party. Life, become more feverish through the rivalry of riches, the ease of travel, the rage for appearing everywhere, the necessity of being at one and the same time sportswoman and homekeeper, of carrying always the standard of the latest style, whether in the country or in town, the obligation to read everything, to know everything—or to have the air of knowing everything—will render existence furiously agitated and hard to bear for all those who do not enjoy physical and moral health of the first order.

THE COSTUMES WE MAY EXPECT TO SEE

Ten or fifteen years from now and we shall see the arrival of this intensive life, which has yet barely shown in outline but whose movement will be infinitely more complicated than even that of our day. Feminine dress will become more nearly that of man, but the small-clothes which will be worn underneath for outdoor jaunts will be never noticeable and always masked beneath a skirt of light fabric, sometimes transparent, which, plaited on the hips, will do away with any feeling of ridicule or shame, any shock to modesty. The ankles, cased in pretty embroidered stockings, will often be seen, or will read themselves, as the artists say, into the lace, gauze or guipure which, from the knees down, will form a wide flounce, as it were, around the bottom of the skirt. The habit of seeing women gaitered for the wheel, the hunt or the ride will no longer allow us to regard such an appearance as immodest. It would be, on the contrary, one more coquetry to the good to make capital of the neatness of one's footwear, the arch of the instep, the slenderness of the ankle. But good taste, delicacy and æsthetic sensitiveness alike forbid any of those get-ups in which certain female cyclists have presented to us the unpleasant appearance of deformed Coleoptera, such as we meet with pinned to the cards of natural history collections.

A BETTER OUTLOOK FOR GOOD HEALTH

The skirt will become short, cut at the ankle, or rising to attach itself by drawstrings to the beginning of the calf, thus giving every facility for walking, with every desirable guarantee of seemliness. Not only will trailing skirts be no longer the style, but they will be forbidden for reasons of public health. As the result of long discussions among the European hygienists, showing what an unsanitary part in town life women, with their dragging skirts, constantly sweeping and stirring the dust of the streets, have played, decrees will later be formulated recommending and imposing a dress which cannot gather filth.

Moreover, the methods of hygiene and antisepsis will soon govern the coming fashions. We shall understand before fifteen years have gone how many victims the corset actually in use makes. In place of corsets our women will wear supple physiological girdles, comformable to the movement of the torso and of the lungs. And the veil, so favorable to the complexion of pretty women of uncertain age, so sought after by young girls fond of this trellis—this screen to modesty, as it were—will be likewise marked as contrary to healthful respiration and to the order of general prophylaxis, or the prevention of disease. We shall expose the misdeeds of the veil, the network of which retains no end of hurtful bacteria which are sucked in by the breath to the mucous membrane of the throat. We shall allow veils for one day's use only, easy to wash the day after, like handkerchiefs—which also should be antiseptically treated.

THE RETURN TO OLD LOVES

As to fashions rightly so called (and thereby we understand those which have to do with the designing of corsages, of hats and headdresses), they will be in some sort a simplification of those which we know or have known. There will be something like a resumption of the models of 1830 to 1840, which set off so charmingly the feminine contours and graces. We shall borrow from all times and all nations becoming costumes, whose styles we shall modify and which we shall endeavor to make as practicable and as easy to wear as possible. We have imagined some types which our illustrators here on these pages have interpreted to the best of their powers. Perhaps our oversea fashionables will appreciate their practical side without our going into the details of their make.

For evening dress the Neo-Greek style will prevail; tunics of crépon, skillfully draped, requiring no corset, leaving perfect freedom of carriage, giving to every movement the beautiful and seductive unction, the suppleness, of a body free and richly clothed. Jewels, girdles of chased gold, necklaces of pearls streaming down in long pendants, casques of gold to bind up the hair, long kid gloves decorated with floral painting, signed by the masters, Roman togas for the matron, and tunics of linen or of silk plaited across the breast for the young girls—such will be, we believe, the principal expressions of receiving costumes and even of ball gowns. No more tight-laced busts and swelling necks; no more whalebone compression and misshapen chests—instead, free bodies, supple, clothed like the statuettes of Tanagra in floating folds; Indian crépons, transparent gauzes cut low across the shoulders, but without exposing the neck, yet leaving the arms bare; costumes calling to mind, in short, the famous heroines of antiquity, those beloved by the philosophers of Attica and sung by the sweet poets of old, enamored of beauty, of harmony, of wit.

A RENASCENCE OF OCCULTISM

Such do we hope and foresee for 1915.

We shall no longer choose the colors of our garments on the freak or frivolity of the moment. Astral influences and the occult sciences, which are to win anew their vogue and which will again be the rage in society (still another fashion to foresee), will lead women rather to search—with due allowance to the indications given—for the tint corresponding to the star whose influence they desire to attract. They will learn that black predisposes them to the melancholy of Saturn; that blue holds them tributary to lunar fantasies; that gray binds them to Mercury and to his happy bests of financial prosperity; that reds lay them under the Olympian rule of Jupiter; that old gold puts them at outs with the sun, distributor of success; that, finally, green surrenders them wholly to Venus and the dizzy sleight of hand of Cupid.

This renascence of occultism will, by the evocatory symbolism of individual tones and the inevitable pleasantries derived therefrom, to a great degree stimulate liveliness of social intercourse.

Shall I prophesy further? To what end? "We little know what we are," said Lord Byron, "and still less what we may become." Heaven which hides from us the Scroll of Fate conceals equally that of the future fashions. It is permitted, however, to trace the course of the evolution of costume and to determine the almost immediate consequences of changing customs. We hope that our provisions, which we have made as conformable to Nature as possible, will be realized, and that we all of us shall be blithely alive, fifteen years from now, to verify and to applaud them. Perhaps we are too optimistic or even too little revolutionary. What odds! Woman should permit the wise to establish her fashions; she would at least win this advantage by it—that she could follow them without putting herself out of breath.

The First Citizen of France—By Vance Thompson

The old tower of Henri IV — part of the Château of Rambouillet

President Loubet shooting on the forest preserves of Henri IV

The Château of Rambouillet — where the [illegible] shooting and shooting

THIS is the story of *un brav' homme*

President Emile Loubet was born at Marsanne, in the Department of the Drôme, October 31, 1838. His mother, very aged now, still occupies the old home, a short distance outside the village, on the edge of a little river shaded with poplars. The house and the adjoining farm buildings are ample and large, built, in the old French fashion, round a big court, wherein the fowls and domestic animals take their ease and the sheep are folded at night. The peaked and red tiled roofs, the whitewashed walls, dazzling in that southern sunlight, give an air of homely comfort and thrift to the old homestead. Monsieur Loubet's father was just such a competent, worthy man as Thomas Carlyle described his father to have been. Indeed in that little corner of Dauphiny you will find so many solid qualities, so much hard-headed virtue, thrift and love of liberty, that you might well be walking in the Annandale of Carlyle's boyhood; though the golden sun of the Midi seems to have had a humanizing influence (making men a trifle merrier if less wise) that you would seek vainly in a Scotch mist. They are terrible fellows for liberty, these burghers of the little town of Marsanne. Under their old charter of 1354 they have the right to almost absolute home rule. Out of such civic liberties and communal solidarity has come all that is best in the modern Republic. The elder Loubet was Mayor of this little free town for thirty-seven years. He gave his children an education which was better than fortune.

Monsieur Emile Loubet, in the article which he has written for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST (and this is the only time the President has consented to write for any publication either in France or elsewhere), lays a great deal of emphasis upon the opportunities the young men of this day have of getting on in the world. His theories speak for themselves. Perhaps a slight sketch of his own career is the best comment on them. It differs not very greatly from that of the late Benjamin Harrison—for whom Monsieur Loubet had a strong regard—and indeed the men are not unlike, either physically or mentally. In each there is the same forthright honesty of purpose, joined to that worldly wisdom which is made up of knowledge of men and judgment of events. Capable, efficient, cool headed, Monsieur Loubet is the essential type of the sturdy middle class of France, that *bourgeoisie* which, as Oliver Goldsmith pointed out, is the backbone of a nation. An anecdote of the boy paints the man.

It goes back to his boyhood days.

With some companions he was bathing in the Drôme, near Crest. One of the lads, a poor swimmer, got too far beyond his depth, and as the current began to sweep him away he called for help. Young Loubet, who was ten years old, swam out toward him. But when he saw the big, frightened lad struggling in the water he made up his mind that he would only lose his own life should he try to aid him then. So the little Loubet kept out of reach and trod water. At last when the big fellow had risen and sunk so many times that he was full of water to the teeth, and so nearly dead there was no struggle in him, his wise, small friend took him by the hair and towed him ashore, rolled the water out of him and brought him back to life.

That, I think, is a wholly charming adventure. The boy of ten who could reason out the one thing to be done in such an emergency, and do it with calm, watchful courage, had already prepared himself for getting on in the world.

After taking his degree at the college of Valence, Emile Loubet came up to Paris in 1858 to study law. He lived in a small room at the very top of a six-storied building in the Rue Tournon. His one window looked down on the Luxembourg Palace, which in time was to be his home, by right of his Presidency of the Senate.

By day he studied hard, at night, being companionable, he gathered the fellow-students he liked best in his little room, made coffee for them and put them at their ease. Then their pipes all drawing and the smoke curling up, they discussed—what should one discuss under the rotting Empire but liberty? "Libertad!" said Walt Whitman; 'tis a good word in any language.

The young lawyer went back to his native town to spread those ideas of republican liberty which were one day to topple over imperial absolutism and all things imperial. In 1860 he began to practice his profession at Montélimar, and, a year later, when the Empire fell, he was elected Mayor of that small city. The wise and steadfast administration of the communal affairs of Montélimar was the basis of his political fortune; he became Deputy, Senator, President of the Senate, and, when France most needed a cool headed, competent, honest man, he was made President. "*Un brav' homme*," the people call him, which is as though they said: "An honest goodman"—and that Emile Loubet is. After forty years' continuous practice at the bar, after having held every important position in the gift of his fellow citizens, his fortune is less than 300,000 francs—an honorable fortune and sufficient for a man of simple tastes. His chief pleasures, outside of his family life, are those of a gun, a dog, and a morning when the birds are strong on the wing. M. Loubet is a capital shot. A plain, neighborly man, courteous and tolerant, a sure friend, religious, a sound patriot and a clear-headed, prudent, discerning statesman, Emile Loubet is of those Frenchmen who honor France most and represent her best. *Un brav' homme!* And that, indeed, is the true French type. The casual Parisians, the flippant internationalists who squeak and gibber in the streets of the capital, stand for nothing that is French and little that is good. Their roots are not in the soil. They have drifted here from one knows not what melancholy Polands and have made themselves Parisian it may be but French they are not.

Monsieur Loubet is quite up to the level of his high functions. He receives kings and reporters with a dignity and grace peculiarly his own. He smokes a pipe and does not know the meaning of snobbery. Once when he was Prime Minister he made a flying visit—it was between two stormy sessions of the Chamber of Deputies—to his old mother at the farm in Dauphiny. The old dame was in the kitchen, kneading the bread for the fortnightly baking, which is still a custom in the old families of the Midi. She put her floury arms around his neck and kissed him.

"Ah, mother, you should give over this heavy work," said the Prime Minister.

"And sit with folded hands on baking day!" the good old housewife cried indignantly. "No, no—but I admit it is not so easy as it was."

"Well, to day you shall fold your hands—sit down, mother, and talk to me," said the first minister of France, and he took off his coat, rolled up his shirt sleeves and kneaded the bread. I doubt if it was a small task, for they are mighty eaters of bread in Dauphiny and, when he had finished, and heard all the gossip of the farm, he kissed the good old mother and went back to his more conspicuous duties of statesman. I like this story better than that of Cincinnatus at his plough: it is more human; moreover, it paints Emile Loubet better than pages of biography would do, *un brav' homme!*

This simplicity is the chief characteristic of his presidential administration. He has no love for empty splendor. He has made the Elysée Palace as reasonably democratic as the White House. Like most hardworking men he gets early to his work. In winter he rises at six, in summer at five o'clock; he drinks a cup of coffee and reads the newspapers and the reports prepared by his secretaries. Every day from eight to ten he walks abroad, following the avenue of the Champs Elysées and the boulevards. He marches briskly, a cane in hand—for he has a peculiar antipathy to the umbrella. "I'd rather be rained on than carry such a ridiculous object over my head," he said once.

So you may see him any day, going briskly along or pausing to look in a shop window—a broad shouldered, efficient man, rather short, gray bearded, with steady blue eyes and face at once strong and genial. From ten o'clock until noon, except when he presides over the council of ministers, he receives those who have secured audience. At twelve o'clock he breakfasts with his wife and sons and usually a few friends of the family. Then until two o'clock he works in his study with his secretaries. It is a large

(Concluded on Page 14)

President Loubet, his wife and members of his household

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IGNORANCE of the law excuses no one except the judge who tries the case.

IT WILL be observed that the doctors never disagree when it comes to a matter of charges.

WILHELMINA'S husband seems to be a sort of a vice-president or to hold some job quite as obscure

NEW YORK wants to get rid of Croker every day in the year except the one on which an election is held.

CARNEGIE might have found the problem of dying poor much simplified if he had put a family of boys through college.

THE Governor of South Carolina was not obliged to call out the troops to make the Senators take back their resignations.

THE Chicago woman who offers $1000 for an honest man has a safe proposition if she loses provided museum privileges go along.

MRS. RUSSELL SAGE says the very rich do not make a display of their wealth. Of course not; they need it to lend out at six per cent.

ANGLO-AMERICAN comradeship is so warming up that Salisbury may soon be making application for membership in the Colonial Dames.

THE Hawaiian legislators who solicited a bribe should be informed that that is a part of the white man's burden they are not expected to lighten.

ROCKEFELLER'S advice to young men would be more generally read if he would dash in a few opinions as to futures in oil and copper stocks

SINCE the scientists have decided that disease germs are communicated by kissing, Boston babies will probably organize a society to prevent candidates from becoming too familiar.

NOWADAYS the English critics who try to prod Uncle Sam manage to touch the places that tickle instead of those which hurt. They should run across the pond and get better acquainted with the prosperous old gentleman's sore spots.

Uncle Sam's Increasing Corpulence

A GREAT deal has been said recently about expansion. As a matter of fact there has never been anything else in the United States. There will probably be nothing else. The whole gospel of American life is to get bigger, whether it be a matter of acres or of dollars. With all its wealth and all its commercial gain this country is not yet one-fourth settled; its resources have been merely scratched, and even after the tens of millions of acres now idle are under successful cultivation there remain the great deserts which can be made to bloom. Texas is spouting oil and making millions overnight, and every week some new field of riches is found Take this one item of illuminating oil. Twenty-five years ago the exports amounted to 204,000,000 gallons; last year they were 721,000,000 gallons. The other day a ship left this port with a cargo of nearly 200,000 cases of refined petroleum for Japan. The figures of the grain trade are almost as startling, and it is not surprising to hear that the railroads are preparing to build at Atlantic ports elevators to hold millions of bushels as necessary additions to facilities which already exceed anything of the kind on earth. And it is so in other things, too. We not only fight and feed, and build bridges, and clothe and adorn, but we keep our friends clean. It is officially announced that the United States is capturing the soap trade of the world.

So great is American opportunity that the optimist cannot believe his own arithmetic. Take, for instance, the fact that Parliament, in order to find revenue for the terrible drain in South Africa, has placed an export duty of a shilling on every ton of coal sent out of Great Britain. It opens a large part of the world to American coal, which means millions of dollars added to our wealth, for the British exports of coal amounted last year to 44,000,000 tons.

Wall Street will have its ups and downs, but the great American people move forward in the line of world-conquest —the greatest and best conquest of all, the peaceful winning of the world's trade.

If the millionaires keep on buying big estates and mountains and forest preserves there will soon be nothing but lodges in the vast wilderness, but not for the poet.

Too Much Zeal in Law Making

NONE who gives attention to the matter will deny that this country would be freer and happier if there were a lawful check against laws. The lack of any such check puts on the people of every State, in every season, such a mass of restraints that not the lawyers themselves keep track of them, and confusion is worse confounded by the wrongness, inconsistency and mutual interference of the bills that go through the annual grist. Legislatures are commonly political rather than statesmanlike, and they put into the permanent form of law schemes for temporary and party benefit Sometimes the laws are not even so wide as that, but are mere screws for extortion. It cannot be that so many measures are needed to preserve the uprightness of a country that is naturally as upright as any in the world, yet it is a fact that over 20,000 pages of Laws issue every year from the legislatures of our States.

We live in a riot of law making. It is a blessing that most of the measures are dead letters from the day of their enactment, yet it is a danger that any of them can be resurrected from the limbo of the forgotten and used to enforce an unjust demand or express a prejudice

Lacking a national check or standard of law, the various States and the various townships of a State can be widely divided against one another

One could multiply, through hundreds of pages, the absurdities and inconsistencies for which zeal in law making is responsible, but it would not check their increase. That is best prevented by allowing the people to approve or nullify their laws. Initiative and referendum offer great possibilities, for if laws were submitted for final adoption to the people themselves, or, if we could confine our legislatures to biennial performances of not more than sixty days' duration, there would be a surcease of law, and the governing statutes would sift down to a few sensible measures. We elect men to make laws, but men who would accept office with the understanding that they were to unmake hundreds now on the books should be, and possibly would be, hurried into office by tumultuous majorities.

In taking a summer vacation the Supreme Court has left a pretty puzzle for the statesmen to worry over during the warm spell.

The Doubts of the Dog-Days

WHEN warm weather comes business gets lazy, and then the man swinging in the hammock and seeing the sluggishness of things begins to draw conclusions. It is a fertile season for pessimism. Facts, figures, conditions and circumstances may be arrayed in gloomy lines of logic that lead to doubt and discouragement, and thus many people can be made to think that the outlook for the fall is not what it ought to be, not what an era of prosperity should have.

Some of the pessimists' arguments—which have been cropping out of late—are interesting The other day a street railway in New York changed its power system, and four millions in old material was sent to the junk shop to be sold for a song. We have been spending millions on armor plate for our new war vessels. Now comes a new projectile that will pierce the heaviest and densest and strongest encasement that can be placed upon anything that floats. So millions in armor plate seemed wasted. Such things are going on in every department of effort. A great mill that is worth a fortune to-day is out of date to-morrow. These changes will eat up possible profits and consume our new wealth, say the pessimists. As a matter of fact they are the finest proofs of progress. They show advancement. It costs money to send the old to the rubbish pile and to place the new where it belongs, but the new will be worth many times the expense.

Then it is held that prosperity threatens to overreach itself and fall on the other side. It may, of course, but the date is a long way off. The orders for iron and steel—the best barometer of trade known—are beyond all precedent, and the mills have enough orders ahead to keep them busy for months to come. Our commerce has broken all bounds and is flowing over the civilized world. At home more and better buildings are being erected than at any other time in the country's history. The average wage is the highest workingmen ever received. The profits of investors are reaching the record mark.

Looking at the autumn even through the summer haze, nothing can be seen but golden harvests. It is a good time for a little rest, but a better time for the hope and the confidence that shine from every part of the new century's horizon.

The more food the health resort has to offer the less the doctor lets you eat

The Evolution of a Third Eye

THE proper angle of vision and the true perspective depend upon the point from which we look at an object. A city sky line cannot be seen from a basement window. We get a very poor picture of an avenue from an alley-corner. A masterpiece of painting may look like a mere daub if seen from an unfavorable spot. Visitors to art galleries are constantly saying, "How different the canvas appears here and there."

Life is like that. The world is something fairer after dinner. The skies are never so blue, the grass never so green, the air never so balmy as on one's wedding day, whatever the weather may be

A friend was bitterly complaining to the soul that loved him best. He said: "Everything is dark before me. Nothing but disaster and defeat seems likely to come." "Wait till to-morrow and see how things look," was the wise advice. And on the morrow, the sun was undimmed and the future full of hope. The day brought a new viewpoint.

An optimistic Confederate officer who had been wounded, and who lay in a temporary hospital with a leg amputated, heard his black body-servant wailing, and said "Pomp, why are you crying so?" The servant answered "I se cryin' 'case you'se only got one laig, Massa." "Then stop your foolishness," the officer replied, "and be glad you'll have but one boot to clean hereafter." A spirit such as that sees everything from the viewpoint of a practical philosophy capable of ridding life of half its sorrow.

Montaigne once said: "If I had the power of creating and endowing myself, I should make myself three-eyed." "Why a third eye?" some one inquired. He answered: "To enable me to see the cheerful side of everything" Some men have that extra vision. But it is not a separate organ, not a concrete faculty, but merely a mental attitude, a habit of seeing things from the best possible point of view.

The only thing sweeter than the June graduate with her roses is the June bride with her orange blossoms

The Lesson of the Empty Bag

THE persistent and habitual, that is to say, well-regulated, exercise of the body is indispensable to health and strength. The use of the mental faculties according to established laws of graded study, from the kindergarten to the post-graduate university, has its fruit in intellectual vigor. The proper direction of the will in cultivating habits of right choice as certainly secures that moral discipline without which a man is little better than an empty bag, which, as G. D. Prentice said, "is incapable of an upright position."

The passion for what has come to be known as "the higher education" is responsible for the great and growing colleges of America. Industrial education is rapidly assuming the important place in school and life which it deserves. We make much of the training of mind and eye and hand Where shall we provide for *the training of the will*, without which character is worthless, and individual and social greatness impossible?

The old Spartans were disciplinarians. Their children were born into an atmosphere of moral firmness. He was a Spartan father who, when his little son affirmed, "I want to, and therefore I will," replied: "You want to, and therefore you shall not." There was stern repression of lawless desire; not a piece of parental tyranny, but a lesson in restraint, a step in the progress of a soul that finally comes to do what is commanded, and to command itself to do the right.

At this very point many an otherwise strong life breaks down. Incredible misfortunes, commercial ruin and personal disaster imperil the undisciplined will. The power of resistance paralyzed, the sanctity of life is vulnerable to every approach of evil. The best endowment that home or school can confer upon a youth about to enter the lists is "a will so trained that when a thing is right it will require no courage to do it; and when a thing is wrong, it will have no power to tempt the soul from firm resolve."

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Men & Women of the Hour

Secretary Wilson's Woodchuck

Mr. James Wilson, Secretary of Agriculture, though a Scot by birth, passed a part of his boyhood in New England, and he loves to go back there now and then and see how the country looks.

"The New England farmer," he said to a recent visitor, "has a pretty hard struggle to make a living from the soil, but there is a charm about life amid his hills which no one can resist. Where he cannot raise crops, he can at least raise wild animals.

"I was traveling through New Hampshire some time ago on my way to deliver an address, when, looking out of the car window, I saw a boy trying to capture a woodchuck which had taken refuge in a hole in the ground and was showing fight.

"It fairly made my heart leap again as it used to when I was a lad. If I had owned the railroad I would have thrown business to the winds, and ordered the conductor to stop the train and hold it till I could get off and help the boy catch that woodchuck.

"I wonder if he ever caught it," he added, dreamily, after a pause.

Campaigning in Poland

Mr. Henry Sherman Boutell is, in one respect, perhaps the most industrious man in public life in the middle West. He represents in Congress the sixth district of Illinois, embracing all of five wards and fragments of two others in the city of Chicago. A part of the district is locally known in political circles as Poland, because of the nativity of a large element in the voting population and the fact that they cling to their own language. Yet Mr. Boutell makes a point of calling in person upon every one of these constituents in advance of each election. It takes him three months to make the rounds, and he tramps to the top of every tenement house and down into the cellar of every little shop where a voter can be found.

"How do you contrive to pledge their votes," some one asked him the other day, "if you cannot speak their tongue, or they yours?"

"I don't," answered Mr. Boutell. "No pledges are asked or given. The subject of politics is not mentioned. I take with me a man who speaks Polish and knows most of these people. When we enter a room and the proprietor advances to greet us, my conductor introduces me, saying simply that I am the present Representative from the district, and that I am a candidate for reelection. We shake hands all around and pass the time of day, and then I move on to the next door. I have always done this on the theory that, under our popular system, no citizen ought to be expected to vote for a candidate whom he has never seen and whose name calls up no picture in his mind. The ideal thing, of course, would be to have every voter personally acquainted with every candidate. As this is a physical impossibility I try to substitute the next best thing, and let every man who votes in my district know at least what I look like. I believe that I get the bulk of the Polish vote. These people know that if they have any fault to find with me, I give them, at least once in two years, a chance to enter their complaints face to face."

It is an interesting commentary on Mr. Boutell's system that he has won in three consecutive Congressional elections. It is reported that Mr. Honoré Palmer, one of the "silk stockings in politics" and son of Mr. Potter Palmer, may contest the next election with him, in which case there will be an interesting fight.

Mr. Morgan and the Reporters

Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan is an important man from the standpoint of the metropolitan newspapers. Unfortunately, however, he has much less use for the newspapers than they have for him, and the result is not always happy for the unfortunate reporters who are sent down to drag information out of him.

Mr. Morgan has, toward all persons whom he doesn't want to see, a manner that is calculated to chill cast iron. Naturally, an assignment to interview Mr. Morgan is not hailed with joy by a New York reporter, and the city editors usually send their newest men on this mission, because they will not be aware of the terrors that lie before them.

A new reporter was sent down to Mr. Morgan's office shortly before that gentleman last sailed for Europe. By some chance, none of the office boys and other attendants who guard the outer domain of J. P. Morgan & Co. were on hand when this intrepid reporter arrived on the scene. He had never even seen the financier, but from the pictures published in the papers he quickly recognized him in the person of a man who sat at a big roll-top desk behind a plate-glass partition in one of the big offices. The man was doing something at his desk, but what it was the reporter couldn't see. However, as there was no one to interfere, he walked back, full of the confidence of his profession.

Mr. Morgan was eating apple pie, and drinking milk out of a huge glass, and was so intent upon his repast that he didn't notice the reporter until the latter stepped forward with a bow, saying:

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Morgan, I didn't know you were busy."

Surprise at the unexpected intrusion evidently mastered Mr. Morgan for a moment, for, instead of turning fiercely on his caller as he is wont to do on those who come without being asked, he said in a tone of cold sarcasm:

"Oh, I'm not busy; don't mind me; I've got nothing to do; I'm simply eating my lunch and attending to my business at the same time."

The reporter briefly stated the name of his paper and the object of his mission.

"So you're a reporter, are you? And what did you say you wanted?"

"We want to know if any additional companies are going to be taken into the Steel Trust."

"Well, young man, if you stay here until you find out, you'll have a good, long wait. I like your assurance, to come uninvited into a man's private office, but I don't like it well enough to burden you with any of the details of my private affairs."

One of the reporters has a considerable reputation as a writer on art subjects. He had met Mr. Morgan, pleasantly, a number of times at art sales. He called at the Morgan residence early one morning, presented his card, and was ushered into the presence of the master of the house. He stated his business. He wanted to find out something new and notable about the Steel Trust.

"You do?" said Mr. Morgan. "Well, I am glad you came up. There are three men—just three men—in the world that I'd talk to about this Steel Trust business."

The reporter leaned forward eagerly. Surely here was a big scoop.

"Just three men," repeated Mr. Morgan; and then, after a pause: "And you are not one of the three."

The disappointed reporter urged every possible argument, but in vain. Seeing that all the attempts were futile, he finally said:

"Well, Mr. Morgan, if you won't talk to me about this Steel Trust, will you give me your opinion on the subject of trusts in general—how they will work out, and their ultimate influence on the welfare of the American people?"

"Trusts!" replied Mr. Morgan. "I don't know anything of interest about trusts. I don't know much more about the subject than the writers who discuss them in the newspapers." That ended the interview.

Senator Chandler's Box Seat

"The languor of the soft spring days carries me back in memory to the beginning of my professional career," said ex-Senator Chandler, of New Hampshire, the other day to a friend.

"There used to stand in the streets of Portland, not far from my office, some dry-goods boxes which were much sought by citizens when the weather was fine and time hung somewhat heavy upon their hands. When the 'spring feeling' was strongest on me, I used to think, from my perch on one of these boxes, that life would be a doleful grind if I must go back to my desk and work. Since then I have learned that there is such a thing as a habit of duty.

"When a man has once acquired it he can no longer sit quiet on a dry-goods box and sun himself. He must always be doing something, or he is uncomfortable; and enforced leisure is more irksome to him than the hardest of labor. I acquired the duty habit forty years ago; and a balmy spring day, though it never fails to call up memories of my youthful love for a loaf in the sunshine, inspires me with no temptation to repeat that experience."

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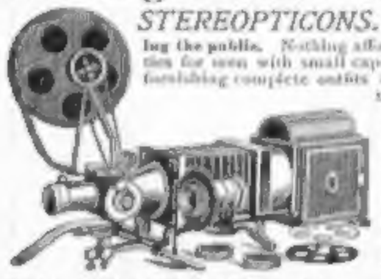

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The First Citizen of France — By Vance Thompson

(*Concluded from Page 11*)

and handsome room, this *cabinet du President de la République*, looking out upon the gardens. The back wall, which forms a hemicycle, is decorated with an admirable Gobelin tapestry of the time of Louis XIV, representing the four Elements. In front of it is the President's table—a huge affair covered with papers, pamphlets, books on political economy—favorite subjects of his study.

These apartments have witnessed less decorous scenes, in the old days when Madame la Marquise de Pompadour was mistress here. One of her *fêtes* is historical. It was yonder, in the great hall adjoining Monsieur Loubet's scholarly work-room, that she and her merry maids of dishonor, her ladies and gentlemen, played at shepherdesses and shepherds—in gay Watteau costumes of satin and silk. One night, that the game might lack no element of realism, a flock of sheep—washed, combed, perfumed and beribboned—was brought in. The poor beasts stared in amazement at the lights and the chattering, courtly folk, then, bleating wildly, they rushed toward the end of the gallery, where there was a huge mirror. The leader of the flock saw his beribboned image in the glass and dashed bravely at what he took to be a hated rival. The mirror was splintered into a thousand fragments, and the perfumed sheep, quite wild now, rushed to and fro, overturning the little marchionesses and the little lords—'twas a terrible moment in the history of the Old Régime!

But it is two o'clock and the President (who is a punctual man and does not care to be kept waiting while you and I chatter idly of dead Pompadours) has drawn on his driving-gloves. His phaeton, two perfect hackneys in the harness, is at the door. Monsieur Loubet takes the reins and drives off toward the Bois. He knows horses and loves them. Indeed (unless it be the tariff) there is nothing outside his family for which he cares so much. At four o'clock the President is at his desk again. Work goes on until seven o'clock, when dinner is served in his private apartments. The evening, unless some State affair intervenes, is his own. He spends it in his little salon, smoking a meerschaum pipe, reading his books, or chatting with his family. At half-past ten he knocks the ashes out of his pipe, puts away his books and goes to bed.

Now this is the plain picture of the life of the President of France—a simple, good, laborious life, at once French and democratic. You have not forgotten that in the early days of his presidency certain Parisians, snobs and internationalists, come from no one knows what sad Polands, spent their sharpest wit on him. It was a war much like that waged once on Abraham Lincoln. But he, whom they mistook for a timid and modest *bourgeois*, showed qualities of courage and tenacity against which their tinsel ridicule was most truly but "chaff." He went calmly on his republican way. He was a true son of Dauphiny, patient and firm. Firmness and patience won the day. Always popular in the calm, sane country provinces of France, he is to-day popular in Paris. Speak to what good republican you will and he will say: "Monsieur Loubet? *Un brav' homme.*"

That would make a fine epitaph for any one, and Emile Loubet—that wholesome, prudent, kindly countryman—would, I am sure, ask no better; it is not quite so dignified as "*Vive le President!*" and all that, but there is in it a world of that friendly affection and widespread respect which are the just due of the first citizen of France.

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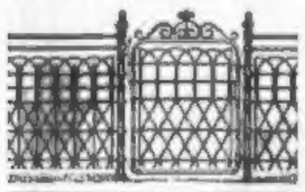

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After a while the man comes back to his office, and a pointer on the "telephonograph" (as the machine is called) indicates that there is a message for him. He turns a switch, which brings into action the reproducing stylus, and putting the receiving tubes in his ears, listens to the communication. Of course, if he fails to understand it, the machine will repeat it.

If desired, he can put a cylinder on the machine that, in case he is called up during his absence, will give an answer stating that he will return at a certain hour.

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Though the process is in the main mechanical, some artistic skill is required. The outlines are well reproduced in the manner described, but such details as the ears and the hair must have treatment with the chisel.

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A cashier is in charge of the machine, but the latter does all the thinking. In another contrivance of the kind there is a separate receptacle for each denomination of coin up to a dollar. The placing of a coin in its proper place sets the mechanism, so that, when a key is pressed corresponding to the amount of the purchase, the difference is thrown out. There is no bother about counting the change, which is always right.

Other machines, which are much more simple, are for the sorting of coins, and are intended to be used where a stream of small change is continually flowing in. The pieces of money are thrown indiscriminately into a kind of hopper and sort themselves—a performance that saves the cashier an immense deal of trouble. In one or two cases the mechanism for automatically giving change is combined with the sorting device, reducing the labor of the person in charge very materially, and at the same time doing away with all possibility of mistakes in reckoning.

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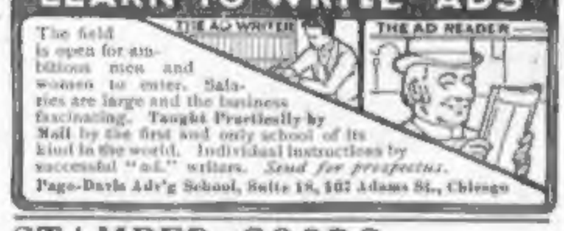

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